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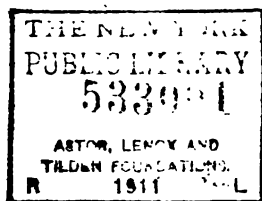
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"Il y en a quelquefois de bonnes," repartit Fabrice. "La mienne, par exemple, est de ce

nombre, quoiqu'elle ait été faite à la hâte. Car je t'avouerai que c'est un enfant de la nécessité. La faim, comme tu sçais, fait sortir le loup hors de bois."

"Comment!" m'écriais-je—"la faim! est-ce l'auteur du *Comte de Saldagne* qui me tient ce discours? Un homme qui a dix mille écus de rente, peut-il parler ainsi?"—

"Doucement, mon ami!"—interrompt Nugnez.

GIL BLAS DE SANTILLANE,
liv. xii. c. 7.

JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a horrible night in January. Merry as were the balls and concerts fixed for that evening in Paris, the streets at least gave no indication of gaiety and feasting. Down the whole length of the arcades, from the corner of the Place Vendôme to the two extremities of the Rue de Rivoli, not a soul was to be seen, and yet the Louvre clock had only just struck ten. Not a dog dared to stir out in that dreadful storm; but the wind sung through the deserted arches of the Rue Castiglione, and the rain seemed to fall in sheets upon the housetops. The Dutch ovens with roasted chestnuts, so welcome at the turnings of the streets to the ouvriers

coming home from work, or the children released from their pensions, were no longer visible. Even the perennial lamps, hung out from the tobacconist's windows to light the fresh cigar, had been quenched by the penetrating gusts of the hurricane, and the drivers of the fiacres smoked their short clay pipes under the cover of the cape of their great coats.

"Quelle nuit épouvantable!" exclaimed an old woman, as she issued from the obscure door of a small house in the Rue St. Honoré, and prepared to cross the street, courageously battling with her blue cotton umbrella against the whole fury of the elements. "Quelle nuit épouvantable! jamais de ma vie je n'ai rien vu de semblable!"—and certainly it must have been either a very bad night, or a very stupid person, or both, when French lips could occupy themselves with a remark upon the weather. The old lady's senses, perhaps, were not in their acutest order at the moment; for scarcely had she attained to the centre of the hardly distinguishable crossing, picking her way over the great stones, by the help of a horn lantern in her left hand, and holding the patchy parapluie close down over the frills of her cap with her right, like a shield constantly presented against the enemy to windward, when she felt herself suddenly knocked head over heels by the violent concussion of some object ad-

vancing from that very direction ; and not till some moments after, on coming to her senses, was she made aware that she had been run over by the foremost of three horses, attached to a travelling carriage, which still waited in the street before her.

"Mon fils ! mon pauvre fils Louis ! qu'est ce qu'il deviendra !" exclaimed the terrified old bel-dame, as she gasped for breath in a fresh tornado of the tempest ; "bien sûr, que je vais mourir, et il sera seul ! mon cher pauvre orphelin ! mon pauvre Louis !"

"What's the damage done ? and have you sent for a surgeon ?" exclaimed, in English, a mild, quiet voice from the carriage, while the window was let down, and instantly half drawn up again as a heavy plash of rain came like a water-spout through the aperture.

"Nicht viel :—not much damage, my Lord," was the reply : "I believe no surgeon is wanted, es scheint mir wenigstens ; for no bones are broken, as far as I can ascertain ;" and the old German servant, who had descended, and was occupied with the good lady on the trottoir, began feeling very unceremoniously the legs and arms of the patient to discover if there were any fractures.

"Finissez donc ! finissez ! ôtez vos mains ! co-quin ! c'est honteux, c'est indigne !" screamed the

old woman, as she struggled against the anatomical investigation—"vous chiens d'Anglais!—vous êtes tous comme cela—vous êtes une race maudite—voilà, ce que vous êtes!"—and the old woman raised her figure to its full height, and stamped with rage upon the pavé with such force as to fully convince the Englishman's courier that there was no further need for his medical intervention. Maliciously therefore unpinning the front of her dress, as if to relieve her and give her some air, and then leading her directly under a spout, which squirted a whole gutter-ful of puddle-water over her, he wished her bon soir, and returned to the carriage.

"Anton," said the voice from inside, "give the poor old creature this"—and a napoleon was handed out of the window.

"Es ist gar nicht nöthig—it's quite unnecessary, my Lord, and a great deal too much," said the free-spoken old servant.

"Take her address, Anton," was the only answer; and the old lady having given No. 179, Rue St. Denis, au quatrième, to the servant, the carriage drove off again, amid her vociferations of "Chiens d'Anglais! maudits coquins," and such other epithets, which showed that the piece of gold had not at all appeased her anger for the roll in the gutter.

There is in France still a very large number of persons among the lower classes, who participate, to its fullest extent, in all the detestation and abuse of the English, expressed by the old woman Boivin, whose violence I have just described. These persons are all of them of a certain age; they are either old Republicans or Imperialists; and it is not wonderful that it should be so, especially when we recollect how we were ourselves taught in our childhood to regard Bonaparte as the wickedest man in the world, and that the influence of Nelson had made it a popular feeling, if not an individual duty, that we should hate the French: but the French Republicans of the modern school have none of this narrow prejudice, or circumscribed nationality, about them; there is an enlarged love of liberty which originates in thought and in principle, a sort of cosmopolitan feeling, an extension of patriotism to the whole globe, a profession of fraternity to all those of the human race who have sentiments, and views and desires in accordance with their own. There are many societies tending to the same end in different countries, where their existence is known, although their secret ramifications are unrevealed, and only discovered by their results: there is *la jeune France*, and *la jeune Allemagne*, and *la jeune Pologne*, and *la jeune Italie*, and *la jeune*

Espagne; but all these are only as the arms and legs to the body, merely the sails of the mill; it is the combination of them all into la jeune Europe that makes them truly formidable: the strength of union, the central committee, and the corresponding branches; above all, the diffusion of education, and the consequent cultivation of the reasoning faculty, which will prevent large bodies of men in future from ever being duped by a name and a sound.

However, I am already digressing, and I have not got through half the first chapter. On the departure of the old woman, the courier drew his Mackintosh more closely round him, and resumed his place upon the box. The window was drawn up again in its well-fitted grooves, and the postillion cracked his wet whip with most sonorous effect, and woke the damp echoes of the slumbering street with a still more unpitying performance on his horn. The horses seemed to feel that they were near their resting place, and went double quick time; when, suddenly, on arriving at No. 123, they were pulled up; the porter's bell was rung unmercifully, the big gates of the Hôtel Bedford were thrown as wide open as their hinges would allow, and the proprietor, with his wife, and the foreman, with half a dozen waiters, each with a napkin under his arm, ran out into the large and handsome court-yard.

"Are there not apartments engaged here in the name of Lord Clanelly?" enquired the courier.

"Yes, my lord; waiting your lordship's arrival since Monday," was the reply; and orders were immediately given to the waiters to light the bougies in Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12, au premier.

"They are the next rooms to the suite occupied by Lord Furstenroy," said the landlord; "I thought your lordship would like them better."

"Good, good," said the English nobleman, as he descended from his britska, and gave Anton directions as to what part of the luggage must be brought up stairs that night.

"C'est la dernière course pour aujourd'hui, milord," said the postillion, as, having received his legitimate claim from the courier, he approached the master himself with his hat off; "nous sommes venus très vite, et les chevaux sont bien fatigués, et vous voyez, milord, il fait un temps infernal!"

The eye of the inn-keeper was fixed on his lordship's hand as it rummaged in his waistcoat-pocket; and when, at last, it re-appeared with a five-franc piece, which was given as a pour-boire, in consideration of the drenching drive, to the post-boy, our host took his wife by the arm and led her into the kitchen.

"Wife," said he, "his lordship pays extras;

note that ; and don't forget it when you make up his account."

We will now follow his lordship into the retirement of his chamber for a short time, and give a hasty account of his person, his manners, his character, and his particular vocation on the present occasion. It will be necessary, first of all, to inform our readers, that the individual we have introduced to them in the present chapter is not the Earl of Clanelly, but Lord Carmansdale, who was the guardian of that young earl, and had been obliged to hasten to Paris to fulfil a mission, which promised to be no easy task, relating to his young and noble ward, and the family of Lord Furstenroy, whom he found lodged in the same hotel.

His protégé, Lord Clanelly, had sometime since contracted a marriage engagement with Lady Emily Bazancourt, eldest daughter of the Earl of Furstenroy, and the date appointed for the nuptials had been fixed within a few days of the present period. The young man's arrival from Italy was daily and hourly expected ; and, as rooms had been engaged for him since the last week, some surprise began to be felt at his protracted absence. Unbounded, however, was the consternation of his guardian, who had undertaken to wait for him at Genoa, and bring him in his carriage to Paris, at receiving one morning a letter

from him, bearing the post-mark of Naples, stating that he had that day married a young baroness of one of the oldest Neapolitan families, and briefly requesting his lordship to make every necessary excuse to Lord Furstenroy and his daughter, "if this alteration in his plans at all disarranged their engagements." Here, then, was the difficult business with the explanation of which the Marquis of Carmansdale found himself charged on the present occasion; and, although bred a diplomatist, he confessed many times to himself, as he walked up and down his room with his hands resting on his hips, that he had never had a question to manage which required more adroitness or more *habilité* on the part of the communicator.

"Inconceivable!" repeated he, as he raised his right hand to his forehead, "that a young man of his rank, position, fortune, prospects, should ruin all by one rash act of this kind. Astounding! that he should write to me, his guardian, of changing a marriage engagement with exactly the same coolness that another man would write to his valet about changing his box at the Opera. It arises, I fear, from sheer *légèreté* of character; perhaps from having no character at all, except a determined self-will, and a desire of instant gratification to his passions. There is no telling where to lay hold on such a young

man as this. There is no fine feeling, no honorable pride, no point d'appui, in short, to appeal to as a foundation. His present marriage must end ill. I foresee it plainly ; and then, how on earth am I to break the delicate subject to-morrow morning with Lord Furstenroy ?”

His lordship had just finished this soliloquy, and a long-drawn gape with which he concluded it, when the garçons entered, bringing in a late dinner or supper. They were evidently surprised at his exterior, as if they had expected a differently-looking man ; for they had been taught to await the arrival of Lord Clanelly, whom they imagined him to be, as the youthful bridegroom of the beautiful Lady Emily, who was in the adjoining apartments. No one, however, presented more the appearance of a genuine English gentleman than did the Marquis of Carmansdale. Tall and somewhat thin, with a remarkably fine head of hair for a man of sixty-five, although the greater part of it was grey, he was rather what is called a dandy of the old school, and still adhered, in all such minor points as he dared, to the dress of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. Hence his immense affection for snuff-boxes and canes, and his rage for all specimens of rococo and ancient china and bijouterie.

His old servant Anton was a German, who had

remained with him for the last forty years, ever since he had been attaché at Berlin in his youth ; and he was perhaps the only person living who could reveal many secrets of Lord Carmansdale's family life ; for, though living now as a bachelor, his lordship was in fact a married man, albeit he and his wife, who lived principally on the continent, had not met for a period of many years. From habit and long indulgence, the old domestic had grown to be almost the master on many points.

One of the stories the marquis told of him was, that on an occasion when he sent him out to buy a case of eau de Cologne, he returned home with a single bottle ; remarking, as he gave it into the hand of his master, " I thought it better to be careful ; what do you want to throw away your money for in buying a whole box at a time ? you know the steward said in his last letter that you ought to retrench ; so use this first, and when it is done, I will promise to get you some more."

Another story, which the marquis did not tell, but which was believed to be equally true, was that one day, having the intention of shooting at his country residence, he desired Anton to lay ready for him his corduroy breeches and his thick shoes : " Oh ! nein, nein ; das kann ich nicht ;" was the answer of Anton ; " ich meine sie heute selbst anzuziehen ; I'm going to wear them to-day myself."

Be the truth of this last anecdote as it may, it is certain that a degree of *intimité* prevailed between the nobleman and his servant which often led them into conversation, as it would appear to a stranger, almost on equal terms. Yet his lordship was a proud man, and to people whom he met in the world he preserved a cold and distant demeanour. He would have been ashamed at finding himself speaking to half those among whom he was thrown in society with the same familiarity and equality which he often assumed towards his favourite domestic; but if he was proud, he was also vain; and so necessary is the fuel of flattery to vanity, that some degree of pleasure is derivable even from the assent of those to whose opinions we can attach no value, and some sort of gratification results from the approval and admiration of the ignorant.

"Anton," said he, having finished his repast, "bring the cassette with the snuff-boxes."

He unlocked the case, and produced, first, one of oriental agate; next, one of antiquesly embossed gold, set with brilliants; then, one of rock crystal; another of mother-of-pearl and gold; and lastly, one with a miniature on the top.

"Do you think this is a real *Petitot*, Anton?" said he, smoothing the enamel painting of the last box with his handkerchief.

Anton knew no more about Bones or *Petitots*

either than the man in the moon ; but knowing that it pleased his master to assent, and being accustomed to go through the same catechism nearly every night, he answered that his lordship was himself so good a judge, that if he imagined it to be a *Petitot*, it most probably was one.

His lordship then asserted that the embossed work on the gold box resembled the designs of *Benvenuto Cellini*.

"*Das glaube ich auch,*" said his faithful servant, who was always of the same opinion.

"Do you think this is a good emerald, Anton?" asked his master.

Anton answered that it was superb.

"And which do you like best of my canes," continued his master ; "this melted tortoise-shell I have brought with me, or the filigree-headed one I left at *Genoa*?"

Anton answered dexterously that they were both beautiful, but that he preferred the one which his master had with him now.

"Well done, Anton, you are a good judge ; you have not lived with me for nothing, and you may go to bed : to-morrow we must go to my friend *M. Verdier*, in the *Rue Richelieu*, and see all his old things that are new, and all his new things that are old ; good night, Anton ;" and so saying, his lordship

went to bed himself in the best possible humour at his joke and with his snuff-boxes.

“My good gracious!” said the chambermaid Sally that night to the kitchen-woman Betty (for the Bedford is an English hotel); “is that the young lord that is so handsome, to whom my Lady Emily is going to be married? Why, he’s old enough to be her grandfather; and he’s ordered stone bottles of hot water to be put into the bed to warm his feet, because he says the blood don’t circulate.”

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING Lord Carmansdale to repose with his various étuis and tabatières ranged round him on the night-table by the side of his bed, we must now tap lightly at the door of a neighbouring apartment, and crave admission for a short time of two young ladies, whom we shall find making their bed-toilette, and talking over the histories and the scandals of the salons of Paris. They were both tall and well made women, of the ages of seventeen and eighteen, although the eldest had considerably the advantage of her sister in the regularity of her features, and the attractiveness of their expression. Lady Emily Bazancourt, for it was no other than the destined bride of Lord Clanelly that we are describing, was one of those who had just escaped what is usually considered the misfortune of having red-coloured hair, but she was not for this the less beautiful; and the bright auburn tresses which, now released from their confinement, fell in rich luxu-

riance over her marble neck, nearly as their hue approached to the forbidden tint, were as soft and as silken as the down of the cygnet. Her complexion, as is invariably the case with women who have hair of a similar colour, was fair and transparent to the last degree of perfection, and a slight embonpoint, which gave a fulness and roundness to her figure, harmonized with the peculiar character of her beauty, and invested her tout ensemble with an air of softness and loveliness, which made her with men an almost universal favourite. Whether there be some undefined and secret charm about complexions of this order, which affords a presumption of an ardent temperament and tumultuous passions, I will not now stop to inquire; the perpetual good nature, and the sunshine of the smile that played for ever about the mouth of Lady Emily, were enough to account in themselves both for the number of her worshippers, and the devotion of their idolatry. The regularity of her teeth, the smallness of her taper hand, the archness of her eye, in which there was ever a sort of sly and roguish playfulness which seemed waiting for a laugh, and, above all, the commanding air with which she trod the earth, with the prettiest little feet that ever Madame Melnotte fitted: all these things had given her a celebrity and a renown among the beauties of Paris

for the season, and no ball was complete unless it numbered her among its belles, no dancer was happy without he could contrive to make, at least, one tour with her in the cotillon.

Lady Fanny Bazancourt, her younger and only sister, who sate now by her side in a voluptuously-cushioned bergère, drawn close to the fire, and matched by the well-padded footstool beside it, was, in point of beauty, certainly not the equal of her elder companion. Her figure was not less symmetrically modelled, and her skin was scarcely less delicately white, but the colour of her hair had transgressed the fatal boundary, and was decidedly, though not disagreeably, red ; and there was a certain expression of harshness and asperity about her features which did not conciliate friends, and rather made people afraid of her ; she passed, indeed, in the world, not quite undeservedly, for a wit, and the wit of women is too often, though most unjustly, reputed to be unmitigated satire. She was fond and proud of her sister to the last degree, without being jealous of her in the least ; for she had her own set of favourites, and even her own set of admirers, and nothing pleased her more than to form a small circle of three or four in a corner of a room, and, while her sister Emily was waltzing away to the sound of Collinet's violin, to caricature and burlesque the whole scene

before her, for the amusement of her chosen coterie. She was a decided pupil of Democritus, and divided the world into two sets, or parties, the smaller number, who are to be laughed *with*, and the greater number, who are to be laughed *at*. Even her own father, poor old gouty Lord Furstenroy, who was acknowledged to be the most violent Tory in the Carlton Club, the most steady whist-player in the Traveller's, and the most prosy story-teller in Boodle's, even he did not always escape the raillery of his entertaining daughter ; but hers was no *mauvaise langue*, and no thought of spite or ill-nature ever entered her head ; and what she said off-hand to amuse herself and others, was nothing but the result of her *gaieté de cœur*, and an overflow of natural spirits, combined with a lively perception of the ridiculous. We have often wondered why it is that in France *une femme d'esprit* is universally a person courted, followed, flattered, *fêted*, and beloved ; that every one is desirous of making her acquaintance, and being her friend, and that every one speaks well of her, and after her last good thing has been quoted, some one always says, " *Dieu ! comme elle est aimable cette petite Madame chose.*" But in England it is exactly the reverse ; no sooner is a woman in society known to have committed the enormity of saying a brilliant thing, than a run is made upon her as if

she were a wild animal, or a Bedlamite broke loose. She is sarcastical, says one; she is ill-natured and unamiable, says another; she would sacrifice her best friend to point a witticism, exclaims a third. Now, although I am in general rather of Paul Courier's idea, who says somewhere, "*je ne crois pas à bons mots, parcequ'ils sont tous mauvais*," I must say that I have generally found the most witty women the most good-natured, and those that have been called satirical the most agreeable companions. Let people ask themselves, if there is a greater dread of ridicule here than on the other side of the channel, whether there may not be also a greater consciousness of *gaucherie*.

This evening Lady Frances happened to be in one of her severest moods, and as she listened to the roaring of the wind in the court-yard, and heard the pelting of the torrent of rain against the well-glazed windows, she drew closer still to the *cheminée*; and while she rolled on another block of wood—

"Well," said she, "my dear Emily, I hope you are as delighted as I am, that we are not going out to-night to be *gené* to death at old Mrs. M'Rubbers."

"My father would have liked his *écarté*," replied Lady Emily, "and, as there are four or five rooms always open at Mrs. M'Rubbers, I dare say we should have had a quiet waltz or a gallop."

"Oh! but there are no people going there, at least, nobody that you or I care to meet: I am not like Beau Brummel exactly, who walked into a room, looked round, said, 'is anybody here that anybody knows?' and walked out again; but there never are any but stupid people at Lady M'Rubbers; it is quite impossible there should be, and you know I can't endure stupid people."

"My dear Fanny, I am sure that I hate stupid people quite as much as you do; but," added she, as she was unlacing her corset leisurely at the pier-glass, and eyeing with considerable complacency the graceful tournure of her shoulders, and the alabaster whiteness of her neck, "I think I should not have minded some of the people we should have met there. Even the old gentlemen that play cards with papa can pay, I assure you, very pretty compliments; and that funny piece of antiquity, Sir Derby Doncaster, told me the other night that I had exactly the waist and the action of a favourite filly of his that he once trained for Newmarket: you must allow that women don't get such pretty speeches made to them every day."

"I have no taste for exacting such Tattersall tributes of admiration, and if I was to listen to all the old women, of both sexes, that constitute Mrs. M'Rubbers board of green cloth, I should have no

time for talking myself, and you know I can talk against time with anybody. Well, who is there besides, that is so very delightful, now that we have settled Sir Derby Doncaster?"

"Why, there's Caroline Pelham's little Italian beau, the Comte de Braglia, surely you don't find him so very disagreeable?"

"De Braglia is exactly like a little attorney's clerk, at Gray's Inn, all full of fleas and business: he is certainly the most honestly dirty man I ever knew, for he wears not even an apology for linen, and neither wristband, collar, frill, or front, real or false, have I ever been able to detect. Hypocrisy has been called the homage which vice pays to virtue, and the *shirt* may be called the homage which dirt pays to soap and water; but De Braglia disdains both the romance and reality of a wardrobe, and that broad black stock of his, like charity, covers a multitude of sins."

"Then there's his tall friend in the Fauxbourg St. Germain," said Lady Emily, "the Marquis de Ladversaire, who is a great devotee of yours, for I heard him ask you to waltz twice at Madame de Bligny's last grand crash."

"Oh! the gigantic wretch!" exclaimed the sister, "he came up and made me a stiff bow, like the leaning tower of Pisa: he held his arms out on

both sides just like the espalier apple-trees, which papa had planted round our lawn in Northamptonshire; and then as to waltzing with him, he is what Lady Broadwell calls 'such a very active waltzer,' he waltzes as if he were in stirrups, up and down, up and down like a postillion on horseback. Never talk about M. de Ladversaire being a devotee at iny altar, for his incense is most marvellously thrown away."

"Eh bien—voyons. There's M. de Noel, who is certainly not quite such a monstrosity as the last, and perhaps may suit you better."

"You think, because I am not captivated by a Polyphemus, that I must be *éprise* with a dwarf. Why I could put M. de Noel into my reticule, and not feel that he was there: he is so absurdly small, that he might do like the poor idiot boy at our place at Newnham, who went and asked his mother for a ladder to gather the gooseberries and currants; and as to making an offer, if he wanted to whisper in my ear, I should expect that he would at least bring the library steps to stand upon."

"Then what have you to say against Baron Hohenlinden, the Austrian attaché?—our brothers both said at dinner that he was the best chaussé man in Paris; and that Sakoski had told them his was the prettiest foot that he had ever taken the model of on a last."

"It is very true that Hohenlinden is pas mal, as far as the chaussure is concerned; but only look at his face: it is like a nutmeg-grater, or a batter-pudding in a hailstorm, or a rough-cast wall, all mortar, pebbles, and cow's-hair; and besides, although Fletcher and Richard are both very good boys, what can they possibly know yet about the mysteries of boots and trowsers? These are subjects which require profound reflection, grounded upon mature experience, and our brothers are both much too young to deserve that any weight should be attached to their opinions on such weighty points."

"Poor Fletcher!" rejoined Lady Emily, "you are determined to be very exclusive to-night, in laying down the law. He is, notwithstanding, the eldest of the family, and has almost reached his twentieth birthday: and then Richard, though he is but sixteen, has at least as much sense as most men at five and twenty. Richard is my favourite, I must confess, of my two brothers: he has so much firmness of character, and strong common sense—don't you think so, Fanny?"

"Yes; it is true that the lines of his character are more deeply drawn, while that of Fletcher, although older, is but sketched upon the surface; but though, perhaps, Fletcher has less decision and energy of purpose in action, he has counterbalancing

talents of his own; for music he has a decided genius: our music-master assures me that the adagio movement, in that quartett which Fletcher has written, is worthy of being played at the Conservatoire; and then he has an immense power of observation, and a sort of intuitiveness and perspicacité that give him an insight into other people's minds; but he is an enthusiast, and a theorist by nature—and just at this moment he has got such radical crotchets in his head, that I wonder my poor dear good Tory papa does not have a fit of Conservative gout every day after dinner at some of his speeches.”

“Well,” rejoined Lady Emily, “all I can say is, that if ever I want anybody to fight my battles, Richard is the knight errant that I should choose, and I doubt not that he would acquit himself admirably.”

A tremendous burst of wind, hail, and sleet against the window, startled the two sisters as this sentence was spoken, and impressed it so deeply on their minds, that it was afterwards remembered as having been uttered ominously, when time and circumstance had given occasion to the speaker to redeem the meaning of her words.

“Well, Emily dearest,” said her sister, as their fright subsided—“what a delightful ball we are sure of having, at least to-morrow night at the Embassy!

You shall have all your beaux round you there, and you shall put on Victorine's new dress, and you shall be the prettiest woman in the room"—and she kissed her lovely sister, as she was now half reclining on the side of her bed, in *vestito di confidenza*, with nothing but a loose dressing gown drawn round her, and the ample downy slipper encircling her diminutive ankle.

"Yes, Fanny, we shall have a good ball, I have no doubt; and you shall have George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham all to yourself in a corner."

"George Grainger, *à la bonne heure*," replied Lady Frances, "but as to Lord Arthur, he is my *bête noire*, and you may keep him for one of your own partners. I like Grainger because he tells me all the wicked stories of Paris, and because he knows every thing about every body, and because he wears such very nice clothes, and has not a single farthing of money to pay for them. It always happens that men are twice as agreeable when they have not got a sous in the world.—But we have strangely forgotten your runaway lover, whilst we are talking over all our other beaux—what fun, if he should arrive to-night or to-morrow morning, so as to be here in time for the ball! I should like to have him of the party, when we go to the ambassador's—wouldn't it be nice?"

"Just untie this knot for me, there's a dear," said Emily; and, as her sister stooped to execute the task, she threw her arms round her neck, and kissed her many times, and, as she kissed her, she sighed: and when Lady Frances rose up, she found her cheeks were wetted with her sister's tears, and she bent over her again, and clasped her once more to her bosom, for she felt that there was more there than could be expressed—hurt pride at the delay of Lord Clanelly, fond anxiety for his safety, anger at his silence, hope of his arrival—all these feelings seemed to mingle in her tears; and the two sisters, as they embraced each other on the bed, wept together, and spoke not.

It was just at this conjuncture, that the ringing of the porter's bell, the opening of the gates, and the rattle of carriage wheels, described in the last chapter, was heard in the court-yard below. Emily sprung up with her finger on her lips—

"'Tis he—it must be Clanelly!"—and she paced hastily up and down the apartment, agitated with a transport of hope, and doubt, and joy. Twice she approached the window, determined to hazard one gaze on her lover as he descended from the voiture, but as her hand was on the blind to draw it back, she hesitated and stopped. "What would he think," she said half aloud to herself—"if he saw

even so much as my shadow on the curtain!"—there seemed a degree of indelicacy in the movement, and she abandoned the idea.—"And yet," said she to her sister, "I should like to have seen how he is looking after his long journey—all the way from Rome—it is a long distance; but Clanelly has vigour and strength enough for anything:—how I long for breakfast time to-morrow!"

"How are you sure that it is Lord Clanelly, after all?" remarked Lady Frances.

"We will soon see," was the reply of Lady Emily; and she opened the door of the adjoining closet where her maid had been waiting. "Jane," said she, "go down stairs, and find out from the servants who it is that is just arrived." The sou-brette presently returned with the news that it was an English lord, and that he had asked for the rooms which had been engaged for Lord Clanelly. This intelligence satisfied Lady Emily that it was her lover, and, having once more embraced her sister, she fell asleep, with the most joyful anticipations of the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

THE following morning early, Lord Carmansdale, having breakfasted and attired himself, selected from his collection the gold box set with diamonds, as his companion for the day, and prepared to descend on his unpleasant mission to the apartments of Lord Furstenroy and his daughters.

“What are you going now to do with that diamond box?” said the careful Anton, “warum möchten sie sie heute mitnehmen? I’m sure one of the others will do for to-day. Suppose you were to lose it?”

The interference of his domestic was so habitual to his lordship, that it was only regarded as a useful admonition, and laying aside the gold tabatière, he chose in its place the oriental agate box, with rich gold chasings, of the date of Louis quatorze. Then, that all might be in harmony, he armed himself with an ebony cane, with a gold pomme of somewhat similar workmanship, which he had once bought as

a curiosity, having been formerly the property of the grand monarque himself. It has been recorded as one of the finest actions of that most magnificent fribble, the fourteenth Louis, by I know not which of his innumerable biographers and annalists, that one day at St. Germain, a gentleman in waiting having answered with greater freedom than became him, his majesty rose from his seat, opened the window, and calmly threw out his cane into the court below ; by which figure of speech he intended to convey to the officer, that had he retained the weapon in his hand, he could not have commanded his temper sufficiently to prevent his stooping to chastise him. It was a favourite speculation with Lord Carmansdale whether this might not be the identical cane of the story ; and he appealed to his general referee Anton, as usual, to know whether he thought the stick had ever really belonged to the king of France.

“Very probably,” said Anton, “for I observed the other day his name is scratched on the ferrule, and who knows but what he might have done it himself—es ist ganz wahrshscheinlich ?”

His master raised the end of the cane, and found the ciphers Louis XIV. scratched on the spot where his servant had directed him.

“Alas ! Anton,” said he, “I fear this is nothing

but the memorandum of the shopman, for I remember I paid fourteen louis for it at a shop in the Palais Royal."

The Bazancourt party was assembled at the breakfast-table, when the unwelcome bearer of evil tidings entered on his disagreeable duty. Lord Furstenroy was reading out one of Sir Robert Peel's speeches in *Galignani*, which he did, interspersing it *con amore* at intervals with "hear, hear," "name, name," "laughter," and "cries of adjourn," exactly as they were printed in the report. Lady Emily, who was in unusually good spirits, and looked remarkably well in one of the prettiest morning caps ever furnished from the *Rue de la Paix*, felt a presentiment that all was not right as her lover's guardian entered, and she stretched out her hand under the table to her sister Frances, who pressed it affectionately. Lord Fletcher, the eldest son, who had been ironically cheering his father during the long speech he had been reading on the tithe bill, looked on the somewhat embarrassed countenance of Lord Carmansdale, as if to dive into the secrets he came to reveal; but Richard Bazancourt watched only his eldest sister, and as he saw a cloud pass over her features, his own countenance fell, and he rose, and placing himself behind Lady Emily, leant over the back of her chair. After the usual compliments of greeting had been interchanged,

and due enquiries had been made after the gouty sufferings of Lord Furstenroy, Lord Carmansdale observed, in reply to an enquiry from the latter, that his ward, Lord Clanelly, was still in Italy. He then requested to have a few minutes' private interview with him after breakfast, and the conversation died away into that fixed and constrained tone of mere passing courtesy, which so strongly indicates the existence of some subject in which all parties are interested, yet which all are equally anxious to avoid. Lord Carmansdale asked Richard Bazancourt when he returned to Eton, what form he was in, and whether they had a good collection at the last Montem. He then admired the mosaic of Lady Frances's chain; gave the history of a large ruby, which he just missed buying of a Jew at Genoa; and asked if there was any important news in the paper.

"Capital speech! capital argument of Peel;" exclaimed the old gouty earl: "the Whigs will be all out in a fortnight; they can't stand this long—impossible."

Lord Carmansdale, who was expecting every day a diplomatic appointment from the Whig party, assured his lordship that his private communications with government did not hold out the least prospect of their retiring from office.

"Ah! I forgot," replied Lord Furstenroy, "you are one of the hornets—you are not one of *us*—not one of our regular church and king men. You don't belong to the Carlton—you will do very well to talk heresy with Fletcher—sad dog, master Fletcher; sad dog—disgrace to the family—rank sedition—utter ruin—wretched prospects—misguided boy—" and so muttering to himself, the old earl looked at his daughters, who retired with their brothers, and left the old gentleman to all the mystery of the distressing communication which awaited him.

Words cannot express the indignation of Lord Furstenroy at the capricious insolence exhibited towards his daughter by the behaviour of Lord Clanelly. The feeling of Lady Emily, to whom the result of his visit was made known by her father, as soon as the Marquis of Carmansdale had withdrawn, had not less of haughty vindictiveness and proud resentment in it, but it was tempered with feminine softness, and she burst into tears; then recovering herself, and putting on all the dignity for which she was remarkable, she drew up her stately person to its full height, and laying her hand on the shoulder of her younger brother, Richard, who had remained with her alone in the apartment after the departure of the rest, she said—

"Do you love me, Dick?"—He looked up fondly in her face, and she stooped down and let him kiss away a tear from her eyelid.—"My brother," she continued, "women are but poor defenceless beings in this wrong world: we receive injuries, and we cannot redress them; we suffer insults, and we may not revenge them. This day I have learnt the execrable vileness, the base duplicity, the unfeeling heartlessness of which men are capable. I have no remedy but submission; I have no resource but in endurance. Do you sympathize with me, Richard?—Can you comprehend, young as you are, that it is a humbling and a hard task for a lofty spirit like mine to bend without a blow?—Can you understand me, when I tell you of a thirst of vengeance, and desire of heaping retribution on the head of my aggressor, which haunts me, and will never cease to haunt me, like a spectre, till its object is attained?—It was only last night, Richard, at midnight"—and she looked earnestly into her brother's face, as she impressively repeated these words—"that I asserted to my sister, without ever thinking the fulfilment of my vow could be so near, that if ever mortal man dared to pass a slight upon me; that if the improbable conjuncture should ever arrive, when the eldest daughter of the house of Bazancourt should be subjected to ill treatment, by

word or deed, from any breathing soul, it should be to you that I would look for redress. I have read your character from a child; I have marked the deep feeling, and the high courage and the haughty defiance of your deportment, and I choose you for my champion. Clanelly has offered to me the grossest stain upon my pride, the deepest wound to my maidenly dignity, which it is in the power of man to give:—to you I confide my revenge; you are young yet, and it may be years before you will have an opportunity of paying him the fatal debt which is his due;—but take my hand, and kiss it, and it shall be a sign to me, that even were it twenty years hence, you will not forget to revenge me.”

Richard Bazancourt raised his sister’s hand, and pressed it to his lips, and answered—“ I promise and swear to you solemnly, be it two years hence, or twenty, or fifty, that I shall first be destined to cross the track of Lord Clanelly, that he shall find me a lion in his path. The injury he has this day done you shall be atoned for by his blood, or else my own shall flow.”—There was an air of collected determination and conscious power about the youthful speaker, as he uttered these words, that gave far stronger assurance of their eventual fulfilment than had they been poured out in a tempest of

impotent rage. Richard Bazancourt was not a man who promised lightly, or who forgot his promises, be they for good or for ill.

It was a melancholy day, and for the most part a silent one, in the family of Lord Furstenroy. Private calamities, however, do not put a stop to public fêtes, and the giddy wheel of fashion whirls as merrily round, notwithstanding the many hearths which are desolated with lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Every body was going to the English ambassador's ball to-night; not to be going was to be nobody; and Lord Carmansdale having this time provided himself with the emerald-headed cane en écaillé fondue, and the diamond-box, which he received with many injunctions from Anton, descended at length from his carriage at the gate of the Hôtel in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré.

It is an old remark that ill news travels post, and an equally old one that every body is more occupied about his neighbour's affairs than his own; yet even Lord Carmansdale, with all his knowledge of the world, was surprised to hear the buzz that was already circulated round the room relative to the absence of the Bazancourt party and the marriage of his renegade ward. Two dandies of the first class were standing near the door as he entered; it was George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham.

"'Tis pity," said the first; "I'm really sorry for Emily Bazancourt, she is such a good creature."

"If it had been her sister Fanny," rejoined Lord Arthur Mullingham, "I should not have so much minded, for she is my absolute horror."

"I don't agree with you," said the good-natured George Grainger; "I think they are both very fine girls."

"Oh!" said a dowager near them, who had gained the ear of a gossiping old English admiral; "oh! I'll tell you all about it. It is the Barona di Scarpa that Lord Clanelly has married; oh! the most beautiful, the most talented, the most interesting little being in the world. Why, she was in Paris last winter, and made fureur among all the men. At the Tuilleries they were mad about her. The king was actually obliged to desire the Duke of Orleans not to call on her any more. When she was ill he used to send her Roussillon from his own cellar; when she was well, every day the gardener came to the door with bouquets and fruit."

"Whom was she with, then, last winter?" asked the admiral, who liked to be right in his bearings.

"Why, I will tell you; with her old father, who is since dead of the cholera; one of the first victims on its appearance in Italy. He was the most indulgent old man on earth, and so fond of his

daughter, that he would have gone on his knees to ask her pardon ; and then she had such pretty captivating manners, it was impossible to resist her or deny her anything. Oh ! the most extravagant creature as to money ever seen ! Lord Clanelly will soon have enough of her in that respect. She seemed to think gold was made for nothing but to be thrown out of window. I remember once her shoemaker's bill being brought in for satin shoes for a month ; it came to more than seven hundred francs : and the old baron, her father, remarked that he certainly thought it a great deal of money to spend at once upon her extremities. On this, the little maid, who was reclining on the couch, pretended to be mightily displeased. ' Fie, papa,' said she, with the most haughty manner in the world, ' kneel down this moment, and kiss my pretty little feet, and beg their pardons ;' and the old gentleman was so delighted at the prettiness of her manner and of her feet that he obeyed directly. ' I forgive you,' exclaimed she, as she held out her hand to be also kissed by her affectionate father ; and the bill was paid without further remark, and would have been, had it been fifty times the amount."

" Very pretty story indeed," said the old admiral ; " what fools you women make of us !" and the dowager, taking the speech as a compliment to herself, leered significantly at the admiral.

The salons began now to get full, and the announcements thickened.

"Sir Tunbelly Tossplot and Lady Tossplot," cried the servant, as two figures rolled into the room like tubs upon castors;—"General Sir Drum Kettle-drum and the Misses Drumstick,"—"Sir Hard-up Diddledun Bilk and his lady."

"Titles enough to swamp the peerage," exclaimed George Grainger to his friend.

"It is what Theodore Hook would call 'haute canaille night' at the embassy; they are obliged to ask every body."

"What a terrific profusion of orders!" said Grainger to one of the Secretaries of Legation, who just came up; "I see blue ribands, and red ribands, and white ribands, and yellow ribands; in short, I am surrounded by all the colours in the rainbow, and find myself quite in the minority, not being decorated."

"Did you never hear Metternich's observation made at the Congress of Vienna?" replied the secretary. "It so happened that Lord Castlereagh was the only man who came into the room without wearing any order, and some officious martinet immediately reported to Metternich that the English representative had come to their meeting without a decoration: Metternich looked for a moment at the

fine figure, and commanding height, and noble bearing of Castlereagh, and his reply to the remark was simply, 'Mon Dieu ! que c'est distingué !' "

"Nevertheless," said Grainger, "it seems to be the exception to-night not to wear a riband at one's button-hole, and I begin to feel like Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, when they first became aware of their nakedness. I think the sooner I hide myself the better;" and so saying, he took a pretty French comtesse round the waist, and was presently lost in a waltz.

"And who is this tremendously grand personage," inquired Lord Carmansdale, advancing towards the secretary, "whose entrée has just been accomplished with so much fuss, and flutter, and parade?"

"Oh ! a very great man indeed !" replied his informer ; "this is the famous American millionaire, who wears all sorts of coronets on his carriages, dresses his servants in every variety of livery and button, has arms and crests of every description engraved on his seals, wears all the diplomatic uniforms by turns at court, and, in short, is generally known at Paris as the Duke of New York."

"And is this the daughter leaning on his arm, who is making such *doux yeux* at Lord Arthur Mullingham?"

"The same ; if I was you, Mullingham, I should

go and ask her to dance; you don't know what attractions you may possess as the second son of a marquis in the eyes of the rich republican, to say nothing, of course, of your more personal recommendations."

"Je trouve que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," replied the apathetic Lord Arthur, who had a most happy knack of concealing his preferences and his dislikes, and generally acted so that his opinions might be interpreted by contraries.

The American girl was certainly not beautiful; but Mullingham stole quietly round in a few minutes, and before many more bars of Musard's last waltz had been played, they were both spinning together like tetotums. Lord Carmansdale found himself left alone to the mercy of the old dowager, who shone conspicuously among the wall-flowers in a turban of flamme d'enfer.

"Lord Carmansdale," said she, knowing well how to entrainer him into a conversation, "do you go to the sale of antiquities to-morrow in the Rue de Bac?"

"I had not even heard of it; will there be much rococo,—anything in my line,—any old snuff-boxes or bonbonnières?"

"A whole set of egg-shell butterfly breakfast-cups—plenty of splendid Dresden—quantities of

crackle porcelain—a great many beautiful monsters—and Sèvres, of course, by baskets-full.”

“I don’t know,” said his lordship; “I have no money to spare.”

“Your journey from Genoa must have been very provoking to you,” continued the dowager, arriving at last at the real point to which she had wished to steer the conversation; “will the young couple continue at Naples, or will they travel northward, do you suppose?”

The Marquis of Carmansdale, who was a difficult man to be pumped in so direct a manner, looked at his cane; and not noticing the question, remarked, somewhat pointedly, that he had a taste for all old things in the world, with the sole exception of old women.

This would have been rude to anybody else; but the dowager required to be hit hard;—there are such people. Undaunted she attacked him again.

“Is Lady Emily much cut up by this unfortunate desertion?”

“Good night, Mrs. Macrubber,” said his lordship, and he stepped into his carriage.

CHAPTER IV.

ALONE, in a plain and small apartment on the fourth story of a tumble down old house in the Rue St. Denis, surrounded by books, and mathematical instruments, and human skulls, and anatomical preparations in spirits, and watching the few sparks which gleamed at intervals from the carefully-husbanded fuel on the broken grate, sat a thin and pale young man of eighteen or nineteen years. The glass bottles, and dissecting-knives, and badgers' heads on the table, and the crossed thigh-bones, and labelled specimens of dislocations and disease which seemed to be nailed against the wall for ornaments, as pictures are in ordinary houses, proclaimed the individual to be a medical student. The furniture of the room was cheap and mesquin. None of the luxuries, and scarcely the ordinary conveniences, of civilized life were there. The cuvette was broken,—the looking-glass was cracked. Of the three chairs, which had all probably been cane-bottomed in the beginning,

only one, which was placed under the wall and had been little used, retained the original material, which had been replaced in one of the two other instances by rushes, and in the other by a stout board of oak. An old armoire of elm-wood had lost one of its folding-doors, and through the aperture, instead of coats and trowsers, were visible one or two skeletons suspended upon hooks, and a pile of old books heaped confusedly together in a corner. Books, indeed, seemed to be the only article, with the exception of an old-fashioned electrical machine, which appeared in perfect order and good preservation, on which any expenditure could have been made by the occupant of the apartment, and of these there was no scarcity ; although, to one who took the trouble of examining the plain wooden shelves which hung against the plastered wall, the collection appeared rather bien choisi than voluminous. The young man himself seemed not to be in good health, and there was a fire in his eye and a hectic on his cheek which accorded but too well with the general spareness of his figure and sallowness of his features, and seemed to indicate a tendency to consumption. He was absorbed in contemplation. The veins on his temples were swelled, and throbbed quick with the intensity of thought,—the lamp of enthusiasm burnt in his bright eye,—and not till he was startled by the fall of a

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book, which had been folded on his knee, did he awake from the profound reverie in which he had been entranced.

The book was a volume of Rousseau on the Social Contract; and, as he stooped to raise it from the floor, there was the marked reverence and the fond devotion of a disciple visible in the manner of the student.

“Prophet of truth!” he half muttered to himself, “honest, veracious, natural Rousseau! what a charm there is about his every page, and what a command of sympathy in his every sentiment!—There is a religion in his writings—there is something of sacred and divine, something of the inspiration of heaven in the unartificial simplicity of his style, at once so bold and so quiet, so overwhelming against the falseness and conventionality of the world, yet so meek and unadorned in his manner of preaching the Gospel of Nature, it seems to me that his tenderness must win all hearts that can feel, and his truth triumph with all heads that can reason. Why is it else, that his memory is still respected and loved by all souls of kindred genius, widely as they may profess to differ from his creed; while others, who have attacked the same institutions, and wielded the same warfare with other weapons, are stigmatized by every name of opprobrium? I go into the Société

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des Droits de l'Homme, I find Rousseau's bust on a pedestal of marble, and his works adopted as a textbook. I open a volume of Chateaubriand,—Chateaubriand the Legitimatist, the friend of the restoration, the abettor of the priests,—and side by side with his reprobation of Voltaire, I find him eulogizing the very name of Rousseau, and hailing him as '*Papôte de Dieu.*' His elevated views of human nature, the dignity he confers upon mankind by picturing what we might become, when all this mass of deception, and illusion, and trickery shall be swept away, when governments shall exist only for the good of all, and virtue shall be the rule of public administration and of private conduct,—all this would be enough to raise him to his pinnacle of fame; and all this, too, shall come to pass; what he has predicted shall be accomplished; human nature shall yet one day be released from her bondage of many centuries, and show that we are in truth perfectible. We shall see yet the halcyon days when there shall be no more stain of sin, or vice, or crime, or error in the world, and the prison and the preacher shall alike be needless, and become matters of history to the curious, as relics of a by-gone age."

The young enthusiast paused for a moment, and his eye lit up again with a preternatural brilliancy as the vision of his imagination kindled into vivid

portraiture on his excited brain. "But after all," he continued, "it is his vast, and deep, and gentle power of loving that makes us love Rousseau. It is the fountain of love which seems to be diffused through every line, and steal over every word; a something too philosophical to be passion, yet too tender to be mere philanthropy; it is this which wakens our sympathies, and makes us enter into his sentiments and sufferings, as though they were our own. We read and admire other authors, but we literally feel with the feelings of Jean Jacques. Love!" he repeated to himself, "and, after all, what is it? A dream which no two hearts can dream together,—a glory seen only by the chosen of heaven, and invisible to the world around,—a mighty mystery,—an undefined hope,—an insatiable longing for an unattainable end,—parent of a progeny of virtues,—mother of civilization and the arts, of poetry, of music, of all that is best in emotion, or brightest in fancy. It is Love which gilds the earth with a halo of light, and teaches us not all to despair of the world's redemption yet. It is Love, and above all the fond faith in virtue which is the result of loving all that God has made, the belief in the purity, and chastity, and goodness of one object which is more than all in life besides, which binds me still to my fellow-men, and makes me take an interest in the weary details of the business of existence."

The young man drew from his bosom a miniature prettily enough painted upon ivory, and inclosed in a locket of the same material, which was suspended by a black riband from his neck. "Here at least," said he to himself, "I have one solace to redeem the sickening hours which are saddened by commune with the wickedness and baseness of mankind. Here at least is traceable, in the lineaments of these features, all that is excellent in motive, and refined in taste. Thank God that I have known her: wide as is the difference between our positions in rank, proud as is the eminence on which she stands in the world's eyes, in comparison with my own, to me at least she wears no coronet—to me she speaks not in the language of courts. She doffs the purple and the pall; she forgets the blaze of diamonds and the pomp of retinue; and she could put on the plain bonnet of straw and the robe of frieze at my bidding, and live contentedly on village fare. Thank God that I have known her:—I can now die happy; but I am not yet to die—higher destinies are reserved for me and for her. The gulf that exists between us shall yawn no longer. Kings and aristocracies must be swept away; the fabric of society must be reconstructed on a juster basis; equality of rights must be proclaimed to all mankind; and then, then, I shall be able to woo her in the world's eyes, and

wed her with the world's approbation. Prejudices will disappear, and a new era shall dawn upon the earth. Then, my mission once accomplished, I shall die content. Then come the wearing cough, and rack me with perpetual pain! Welcome then the sleepless night, and the asthmatic breathing, and the burning fever, and the leaping pulse.—What is death, that one should fear to die?"—and he took up one of the skulls from the table, and would probably have rivalled Hamlet in the profoundness of his speculations, when he was interrupted by the shrill voice of an old woman screaming from the inner room—

"Viens donc—viens—Louis, mon fils Louis—dépêche-toi"—and old Madame Boivin, whom we may recollect in the first chapter, as having been knocked over by the carriage of Lord Carmansdale, stretched her head and shoulders out of bed so far as to become visible through the half open door of the apartment.—"Dieu! comme je souffre," exclaimed the old lady, as her son approached the side of the bed, and felt her pulse.

"But you are not ill—indeed you are not; your pulse is good, and your bruises are nothing."

"Tu es un ingrat, Louis," said his mother, who was determined to be very ill in spite of her son's assurances to the contrary, and who had not stirred

out of bed since the accident, although nothing was in truth the matter—"you are an ungrateful son. Was it for this that I paid for your schooling, and for your learning medicine, that even your poor old mother should be neglected in this way? Prettily you must have neglected your education! Two days I've been in bed, and not a box of pills, nor a draught, nor a blister have you prescribed. I've actually had nothing from the chemist's—nothing at all. It must be surely ignorance on your part."

"My dearest mother, if I found it necessary or expedient to give you any medicine, I am sure I would do it:—your appetite is good, your limbs are all sound, you talk as well as you ever did in your life—what can be the good of writing you a prescription?"

"Simply to show that you are a dutiful son to your old mother," said the old woman, rather embarrassed for a reason; and then turning all her anger on her favourite object of attack, the English, she exclaimed—"Ce sont des jolis coquins, ces Anglais là—why don't they come to see me?—why don't they send to inquire?—they took my address, and pretended to be so anxious—mais il a peur, milord Anglais. Oh! je lui laverais joliment la tête, s'il oserait venir. I'd teach him to drive over poor old women, as if they were stones in the road! I'd

teach him to offer a poor niggardly miserable napoleon to a Frenchwoman, as a compensation for having endangered her life ! Mais il ne viendra pas ; —bien sûr que non—il ne se soucie point de moi—il est trop fier, lui, de sa naissance, et de ses voitures, et de ses domestiques. Pour moi, je pourrai bien mourir—qu'est-ce que cela lui fait ?—Il ne s'en occupe pas.”—At this moment of her harangue her attention was arrested by a carriage which drove up to the gate below, and stopped there. Presently there was a knock at the door of the room, a very gentle one, for it was made with the gold end of the Louis quatorze walking-stick, and Lord Carmansdale entered, accompanied by Lord Fletcher, whom he had adopted as his companion, partly from chance, partly from liking his early predilection for Whiggery. The fact is, his lordship had driven round that morning to the sale of china, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, according to the information he had received the preceding evening. Finding little to his taste, and Anton having seriously advised him not to throw away his money at an auction, where he was sure to find all the things cracked or damaged, and also been sore pressed by the old dowager on the point of Lord Clanelly's marriage, as well as with regard to a Dresden clock, of which she evidently wished him to make her a

present, he had invited Lord Fletcher to accompany him on a visit of charity, and obtaining old Boivin's address from Anton, had mounted au quatrième, to inquire after the results of the fall. The old woman's reception was not the most gracious in the world; and while Lord Carmansdale was talking to her, Lord Fletcher, as all young men naturally do when they find themselves gêné in a room, approached one of the bookshelves, and began reading the titles on the backs of the books. Condorcet, Diderot, D'Alembert, Thiers, and Barante, Chateaubriand sur les Révolutions, pamphlets of Cavaignac, Marrast, and Armand Carrel: these were sufficient to rivet the attention of the young liberal nobleman. On another shelf were metaphysical works, extracts from the Encyclopædia, Helvetius, Condillac, Hume's Essays translated, and Guizot's Cours de la Philosophie; and then, on a third shelf, which hung over his bed, were Madame de Staël's Delphine, Mirabeau's Lettres à Sophie, the Nouvelle Heloise, Emile, and a Shelley—an English Shelley—with notes scribbled all over the inside, and many particular passages marked on the margin with a pencil.

"We must be friends!" exclaimed Lord Fletcher, as he brought down the book from its place, and took the young Boivin by the arm—"do you like this writer?"

"Ask me not if I like him," was the reply—"I adore and worship him. I was reading Rousseau when you entered, and doubting whether any head and heart were ever constructed with equal delicacy of perception and refinement of sensibility, and above all, with such a fund of all that is softest and tenderest in our natures—the principle and essence of love, the power of loving, and desire of being beloved; but Shelley is his antitype: he is the poetic parallel of his great predecessor. Love forms the basis of his system; all morals are made referable to this standard; every thought and action that emanates from a love to our fellow men is good, and all that does not is evil. Shelley was indeed one of the grand geniuses of the age. Justice has never yet been done him: his flight was among the clouds of heaven, but men are malicious enough to shoot their shafts even at the soaring eagle and the gentle dove."

Fletcher, wishing to pay a general compliment to French poets, yet distrusting his own tact as well as judgment even as he spoke, mentioned Lamartine as the favourite poet of the English.

"It is well," said Boivin; "he is in fact an English poet, a legitimate disciple of your lake school: I say a disciple, because his genius is in truth essentially imitative. If Byron, and Words-

worth, and Rogers had never written, the lyre of Lamartine would have slumbered for ever in silence. I fancy he is more highly appreciated in England than in France: there is something meditative about his poetry, which suits your national taste; but we have no great poets. Some of Victor Hugo's odes are beautiful; some of Béranger's songs are divine: but they are still odes and songs; and yet these short pieces constitute perhaps after all our really national style of poetry, and have done so ever since the time of the Troubadours. Still even in these there is too often more aim at epigrammatic point than indulgence of the simple vein of nature; and too many of the prettiest and most popular chansons of Parny or Bernard are nothing but *conchetti*."

Lord Fletcher listened with delight to the observations which flowed so easily and so readily from the lips of the young student, and pleased with his general appearance and deportment, as well as his learning and talent, he invited him to call on him; and thus an acquaintance was formed which threatened at one time afterwards not the most agreeable consequences to the son of the English aristocrat. Lord Carmansdale had finished consoling the old woman, who showed him reproachfully many of her bruises, and described in vivid colours—that is in black and blue—many other still more terrible ones

in invisible parts of her body. Farewells were interchanged, and Lord Fletcher gave his hand warmly to Louis Boivin, which excited a look of surprise and hauteur on the part of Lord Carmansdale. Lord Carmansdale, as he entered the carriage, asked Anton for a pinch of snuff, and told him he was tired to death, which in return excited a look of surprise and hauteur in Lord Fletcher, who did not understand being so familiar with a servant. As the carriage drove away, the widow gathered up five napoleons which Lord Carmansdale had left on the table, and exclaimed very gratefully—

“ Maudits Anglais ! que le diable vous emporte, tous les deux ! ”

CHAPTER V.

“MR. SNUFFLES, my lord ;” said John the following morning, opening the door of Lord Furstenroy’s apartment, and ushering in a business-like personage in a brown Scotch wig and spectacles.

“I wish Mr. Snuffles was at old Nick !” said his lordship aside: then bowing politely, “Mr. Snuffles, how you do? I am delighted to see you ; are you just from London ?”

“Just arrived, my lord ; journey most disagreeably unenjoyable, and most uncomfortably unpleasant ; hope your lordship’s health is fortunately flourishing, and felicitously favourable.”

Mr. Snuffles was Lord Furstenroy’s man of affairs in Lincoln’s Inn, and had come to Paris purposely to draw up the marriage articles of his daughter, and give a meeting, according to appointment, with Lord Clanelly, for that purpose. He had a fat barrelly body, and thin diminutive legs ;—he had a head so remarkably small, and a mouth so uncommonly

wide, that it was currently reported of him, that he could put his head into a pint cup, and put a pint cup into his mouth. His clothes were made extremely loose, and hung bagging about his body; and his nether habiliments, being cut unusually short, either for economy or from ignorance of the fashion, gave Richard Bazancourt occasion to remark, that he had put his legs too far into his trousers. He had a most ostentatious delivery, with a habit of puffing and snorting between every other word, which gave him somewhat the articulation of a rhinoceros; and, moreover, mistaking tautology for copiousness of style, like a great many extempore preachers in the pulpit, he always strung together a long list of adverbs and adjectives of the same meaning, and fancied he was eloquent; and a love of alliteration being added to his love of synonym, it not unfrequently happened, that the sense was sacrificed to the sound. Altogether, Mr. Snuffles presented an inimitable subject for the pencil of a Gigoux, a Johannot, or a Cruikshank.

Lord Furstenroy had been occupied with his favourite morning's amusement, of reading straight through Galignani's Messenger, which he usually did, advertisements and all, after breakfast: but it was no speech of Peel or Wellington that had riveted his attention to-day, and he was in a sufficiently ill

humour at a paragraph that had met his eye, as Mr. Snuffles entered. He pointed out with his finger the passage to the lawyer, who read as follows:—

“Considerable surprise has been created among the fashionable circles of English society, now resident in Paris, at the marriage just contracted in Italy, by the young and handsome Lord Cl——y, a minor, with a fair Neapolitan baroness. Report says, that the family of a noble earl have a right to consider themselves much injured by the suddenness and capriciousness of his lordship’s matrimonial choice.”

“This is insolence! this is vile! this is atrocious of the editor!” exclaimed the old peer. “I will give up taking in the paper—it will be a pity—good reports of Peel’s speeches—but public duty—not shrink from it—ought to be prosecuted—large damages—profligate rascal. You are, I presume, already acquainted with the circumstance of Lord Clanelly’s unmentionable marriage, Mr. Snuffles?”

“I have heard something of it, my lord, for the first time this morning. His conduct seems certainly most indecorously unbecoming, and most indecently improper. That is most incontestably undeniable, and most irrefragably irrefutable; such, at least, is my view of the case. If you think necessary, I can consult precedents: I have with

me Barnewall's Reports, and Chitty's Practice of the Law in my trunk. The utility to me of these two works is amazingly extraordinary, and astonishingly remarkable. But is not Lord Carmansdale arrived in Paris?"

"Lord Carmansdale, who is the guardian, as you are probably aware, dines with us to-day. If you will give me the honour of your company, Mr. Snuffles, at seven o'clock, you will meet him. I can't tell you how it pains me, to think you should have made so long a journey, as from London to Paris, for nothing."

"It is certainly most laughably ridiculous, and most ludicrously absurd. Your lordship's invitation is very temptingly seductive, and very acceptably welcome. As I have to make the most of my time in Paris, I will wish your lordship good morning. I beg your lordship to be assured of a sympathy and condolence, most unfeignedly unaffected, and most unboundedly unlimited."

Lord Furstenroy bowed, and Mr. Snuffles puffed, and bowed, and snorted, and retired.

"My dear Emily," said her father, when the visit was over, "we don't wish to see much company at present, but my man of business, Mr. Snuffles, is arrived from London, and I have been obliged to ask him to dine; and you know Lord Carmansdale dines

with us: you had better ask one or two more people that can talk, or we shall have such an ill-assorted and uncongenial party, that we shall be ennuyé to death. Can't you ask the Comte de Carbonnell? I owe him a dinner."

"And let the other be George Grainger; shall it not, papa?" said Lady Emily. "You know poor Richard goes back to Eton to-morrow, for his holidays are over; and Mr. Grainger always makes us so merry; and it would be such a pity to have a dull party for the poor boy on his last night at home."

Notes were accordingly dispatched, and as George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham were inseparable as the Siamese twins, the latter was added to the party, for he was also no ordinary favourite with the old earl, on account of what were called his very sound and constitutional politics; that is to say, he was a Tory. At the appointed hour of seven the party began to assemble. The Comte de Carbonnell was a middle-aged man of good family and fortune, with a fine hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and a magnificent chateau in the south, on the banks of the Rhone. He had long been an admirer, if not a suitor, of Lady Emily Bazancourt, and tonight, either from really liking him, or from pique, from caprice, she certainly seemed to show that

his attentions were far from disagreeable to her. A most decided flirtation had already commenced on the sofa, to the utter confusion and discomfiture of poor George Grainger, when Lord Carmansdale entered the room.

"Well, Lord Carmansdale," said Fletcher, "I have been thinking all day of my medical student protégé. I suppose you have been enacting the antiquary, as usual?"

"Yes, I have been rococo-hunting a little among the old shops on the quais. I found nothing but two beautiful Buhl cabinets, just matching each other; and when I had marchandé-d the old woman down to eighty francs less than she asked me, my old prudent servant, Anton, refused to put them into the carriage, because, as he said, it was a piece of useless extravagance. Perhaps he was right."

"I think he was for once," said the very honest Lord Fletcher, who was a bit of a utilitarian among his other radical professions. "What is the good of all the old marqueterie, and all the old intaglios, and all the old dirks and daggers, and all the old monster pearls in the shape of dragons, or hearts, or devils, or chariots and horses, that you are always rummaging to find? as if Marshal Villars's tobacco-box, or Madame Montespan's curling-irons, were really better than any other tobacco-box or curling-

irons :—as if any extra value could really attach to Madame Maintenon's rosary or smelling bottle, or any extraordinary virtues be secreted in the gold tag of Madame Pompadour's stay-lace."

"You are quite wrong, my dear young friend, quite wrong I assure you," said Lord Carmandale, calculating all the while the advantages and disadvantages of a bargain he might have driven in the morning, for a snuff-box that had belonged to the Regent Orleans. "As you grow older, you will mix with your other liberal notions, which I so much admire, a love for articles of virtù, and a refinement of taste, in which, at present, I regret to find you rather deficient."

"Never," said Fletcher; "perhaps there is one exception, with regard to antiquities, to be made in favour of fiddles, and other stringed instruments; and even in this, my argument of utility still holds good; for an old Straduaris or Amati, is not better than a new yellow-varnished violin, in a red leather case, all covered with gold lyres, merely on account of its age, but because the tone of one is musical as is Apollo's lute, and that of the other like a tin-kettle. But in every thing else I like what is useful, and I make utility the standard of value. If I had a library, I would not spend my fortune in collecting the rare editions of the hundred and one printers

before Aldus and Elzevir, which are paid for so extravagantly by a Jacob or a Heber. I had much rather have good legible modern copies of the same works, in a clear type, and on good paper. The same with regard to paintings: if I had a picture gallery, instead of wasting some thousands of pounds on a Pietro Perrugino, or any other antique rarity, which is cracking and peeling off the canvas, and has already lost more than half its tints from the lapse of time, I would fifty times rather employ good modern artists to paint me pictures, which can really please the eye by the vividness of their colours, which would be really works of imitative art, and not derive their sole value from their age, and the past reputation of their author. I feel firmly convinced, that this will become the general opinion before very long. The prices of all those things which derive a factitious value from their antiquity, must fall in the market; and modern ingenuity will be rewarded instead, more in proportion to its merits, and the intrinsic worth of its productions."

"Misguided boy! dangerous principles! always for innovation," interrupted his father, "got among political economists—Poulett Thomson, Senior, Maccullock—bad set—ruinous opinions."

"Mr. Snuffles, my lord," said John, opening the door; and as they had only been waiting for Mr.

Snuffles, the party now adjourned into the adjoining room.

"Mr. George Grainger, Mr. Snuffles, of Lincoln's Inn," said Lord Furstenroy, as these two individuals found themselves placed together at the dinner-table.

"I am happy to have the honour of making your acquaintance, Mr. Snuffles," said George Grainger : "I was once intended to have been one of the wise men of the East myself, and actually had chambers in the Temple, but I took, as Milton says of the sun, 'a westering course,' and hardly ever used to go inside of Temple Bar, except once, when they made me go and vote at a city election. How have you been spending your day?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Snuffles, "I have had a day most entertainingly amusing, but most exhaustingly fatiguing, I assure you. I have been up to the top of Napoleon's column in the Place Vendome, where my hat blew off, and down to the vaults under the Pantheon, where I lost my shoe in the mud."

"You have done more than I have, then," said Lord Carmansdale; "I have known Paris fifty years, and have never been in either place which you describe."

"Astonishingly surprising, and remarkably extraordinary!" said Mr. Snuffles, "why this is my

first day in Paris, and I have been all through the Stranger's Diary in Galignani. Let me see; to-day, Saturday; up at eight; parade, with military music, Place du Carousel—national guards and troops of the line at ten—exhibition of Sèvres porcelain, 18, rue de Rivoli—manufactory of Gobelins tapestry, three to four—pigeon shooting at Tivoli—Garden of Plants—apply with passport at the bureau de l'administration."

"Why you are indeed quite a man of business," said George Grainger.

"Oh!" said Mr. Snuffles, "I have seen all the pictures in the Louvre, and been over the statue gallery as well."

"Rather cursorily, I should think," said Grainger.

"Something in the way that Bob Tracey goes over his lesson, as he calls it, at Eton," said Dick Bazancourt.

"So you are off to school again to-morrow, Dick, are you?" said his father; "take some more of the ragout à la financière; you won't get any at your dame's at Eton."

"Comment trouvez vous la cuisine dans cet hôtel?" enquired the Comte de Carbonnell, addressing, for the first time, a general question to Lord Furstenroy, for he had up to this moment been

exclusively occupied in talking in an under tone to Lady Emily.

"Not too good," replied his lordship; and Lady Fanny at the same time appealed to George Grainger, as an oracle in such matters, for his opinion.

"It is with great diffidence," replied the witty gourmand, with mock solemnity, "that I venture to speak upon so grave a subject. It is true that I am a humble votary of the noble art, and I am not ashamed of it. Since in these days no man is quite an atheist, why should we not recognize divinity in a blanquette aux champignons, and worship a diinde aux truffes?"

"For shame, Mr. Grainger! I did not expect you to talk such wickedness or such nonsense, when I asked your opinion about the dinner."

"Not at all wicked or nonsensical either," replied he; "on the contrary, it is a sacred subject, and I wish to speak on it with all possible respect. I look upon a kitchen as a temple, and upon the cooks as priests; and as the steamy incense rises in wreaths, whose fragrance the ancients imagined must be so acceptable to the gods, I often fancy the souls of departed voluptuaries must look down from heaven, and regale themselves on the refreshing odour. To be an admirer and appreciator of what is good, can never be unworthy of the most exalted

and enlightened mind ; and if Epicurus of old, 'amid the roseate and sparkling errors of his creed,' as Lytton Bulwer says, did catch from time to time a glimpse of the true sources of morals and causes of happiness, if the founder of the sect of the garden, and its soft philosophy, did think profoundly, and labour for the good of posterity, while he himself lived on the simple fare of roots, and water from the spring, surely he has in some measure his reward in the respect which is now paid to his name, and in the perpetuation of the title of '*epicure*' to all those who can penetrate the high mysteries of the *Physiologie du Goût*."

"Don't listen to his nonsense," said Lord Arthur Mullingham to Lady Frances: "tell me who made this pretty dress, Palmyre, or Madame Manoury?"

"Do you think it pretty? I would ask Comte de Carbonell his opinion, if he were not so busy. Do you understand women's dresses? Can you tell, for instance, whether a hat is made by Herbault, or Hyppolyte, or Baudrand?"

"It is a subject I have particularly studied since I have been in France," replied Mullingham. "If I were a member of the legislature in this country, I should certainly turn the rage for the toilette into some political advantage. France,

perhaps, is the only country in the world where vanity might be made the medium of legislative rewards and punishments. I would encourage the most virtuous mothers and most dutiful wives by an embroidered tablier, or a distinctive canzeau of gold tissue, and would condemn every cattiva donna to appear in public without an artificial tournure, or with an ill-made corset."

"I remember," said Lord Fletcher, "in one of the codes of the Convention, the very point you are speaking of was attempted to be turned to account, and distinctions of dress were substituted for more solid rewards to virtue, and discouragements to crime, an idea essentially French. Two of their laws ran thus:—'Les hommes, qui auront vecu sans reproche, porteront une escharpe blanche à 60 ans,' and again, 'Les meurtriers seront vetus de noir toute leur vie, et seront mis à mort, s'ils quittent cet habit.'"

"What do you know about the laws of the Convention?" exclaimed his father, taking a pinch of snuff out of Lord Carmandale's chrystal tabatière, "idle reading—waste of time and trouble—unprofitable trash—going to rack and ruin—deluded young man—deplorable infatuation!"

"Lord Furstenroy," said Mr. Snuffles, "it is most tormentingly provoking, and most irritatingly

tantalizing, that I am obliged to have the honour of wishing you good night. I'm off to-morrow in the diligence. I have an importantly consequential, and influentially weighty meeting appointed in my chambers on Tuesday."

The party broke up.

"Good bye to you all," said Mullingham; "Grainger and I are going to start for Italy, with a view of being in Rome in time for the holy week."

A slight sigh involuntarily escaped Lady Emily Bazancourt, at the mention of Italy. "They will meet *him*," thought she; "Grainger, I know, will treat him as he deserves, for my sake;" and she shook his hand warmly and significantly.

Lord Arthur Mullingham had been unusually attentive to Lady Frances; but M. de Carbonnell had been still more so to Lady Emily. The two sisters longed for the private gossip of their bedroom, before retiring to rest. Before, however, she joined her sister, Lady Emily sought the chamber of her brother Richard, who was hastily packing his portmanteau preparatory to his departure on the following morning. "Richard," said she, "will you forget me? Will you ever cease to remember the words that passed between us yesterday morning? Every minute that I live, I feel more and more the desire for revenge. I cannot brook the

insult of the heartless stripling whom I once condescended to admit to hopes of possessing my hand ; still less can I bear the triumph of another woman. Repeat your promise of yesterday, and add to it a hope that his wife may also be included, sooner or later, in the punishment you may inflict upon her husband."

" I will repeat my promise of yesterday," said her brother, " but I war not with women ; I am too brave a cavalier—mais nous verrons—we know not our destiny." His expression was remarkable—it is true we know not our destiny ! His sister kissed his cheek, and hastened down to join Lady Frances, to whom she revealed, under a promise of secrecy, that she had that night bound herself, by a solemn vow, to become the wedded wife of the Comte de Carbonnell.

CHAPTER VI.

WE must now transport our readers for awhile to a warmer climate and a sunnier land—to the country of the orange and the vine—the birth-place of the glowing canvas and the breathing bust—to Italy, where the classical associations of the past hallow the soil that we tread on, and the serenity of the deep blue heaven softens the indolent senses to luxury, and courts imagination to voluptuous reveries.

The elegant and inimitable Horace, the smooth Tibullus, Ausonius with all the seductive descriptions of his fascinating verse, the splendid relics of the Latin muse, these are not half the associations that rise in our bosoms, and make our hearts beat quick, as we approach the scenes immortalized and ruled by the Cæsars and the Popes. If the “*Tibur Argæo positum colono*” has, indeed, a charm which might make us choose it as the resting-place of the evening of our days; if the “*Fundit humi facilem*

victim justissima tellus," in truth, makes doubly sweet the caves, and living lakes, and dewy vales, and the lowing of the oxen, and the slumber in the grassy shade; there is even yet, perhaps, a greater glory that hangs round the memory of the tenth Leo, and a brighter prestige in Michael Angelo's creative genius; and if now, for a time, the iron of despotism has entered into the soul of the people, and Manzoni's fancy and Rossini's fire are almost solitary exceptions to the blank engendered by political oppression; if it was not an exaggerated picture which A. Marchetti drew, when he strung his lyre to such sorrowful complaining, as

Italia, Italia! oh! non piu Italia—appena
Sei tu d' Italia un simulacro, un' ombra—

still there is in the modelled forms, and flashing eyes, and ready eloquence of the population, a promise of a better age, and an auspice that their literary regeneration only awaits their liberation from their present political thralldom.

And it is of one that we are going to speak, who, of all others, was the most calculated to feel the bitter contrast that we have described,—the glory and the shame of the present and the past,—the historic splendours of her country's earlier days,—and the unworthy repose in which it is at present lulled by

the craftily administered opiates of power. Born a native of the Neapolitan dominions, compelled by circumstances in her dawning youth to a pilgrimage through many lands, which had enlarged her mind, and diversified the sphere of her observations and reflections; she singularly united all the quickness, openness, and enthusiasm of the Italian character, with something of the air réfléchie, and the meditative tone of mind which is generally remarkable in the inhabitants of more northern climes. There was a something pensif about her very gaiety, a something melancholy au fond even in her liveliest moods. Exquisitely beautiful by nature, improved and embellie by every adventitious gift which it is in the power of education, or wealth, or art, to bestow, Jeannette Isabelle, née Barona di Scarpa, and now the bride of the English Earl Clanelly, was the cynosure of all hearts and eyes. Correctly chiseled as were the lineaments of her countenance, and finely drawn as were the lights and shadows of her every trait, hers was yet a beauty which it seems almost sacrilegious to describe or analyze. The play of feature, the expression, the animation, the intelligence, these it was that gave the real charm, and the surpassing magic to her face; and though a painter might have chosen for his model the brow, the cheek, the classic mouth, the full and well-placed eye, in

conversation with her, all these minutiae were forgotten ; and bewitched by the general impression of loveliness, the observer overlooked the minor details of her attractions. Her stature was rather delicately small than otherwise, but the proportions were most faithfully preserved, and the extreme minuteness of her foot and hand, gave an indication of her high ancestry and noble blood. Her complexion was that of the sunny south, and the veins that mantled through its surface were tinged deeply with the warm colour of the purple tide within. Her neck and shoulders were flooded by the rich profusion of her very dark brown hair, which she wore like a young Camilla, loose and free, and floating in wavy circlets where it chose to wander ; but, perhaps, the most remarkable of her features, was the uncommon brilliancy which sparkled in her large and full eyes, like the flash of the diamond. Across the dark and ill-lighted theatres of Italy, she had been recognized at the widest distance by this peculiar brightness of her vision, although retired in the obscurest corner of some hidden *avant-scène*. She was still extremely young, (nineteen summers had not yet rolled over her head) ; but, in all the tact and finesse of life, in all the knowledge that is necessary for the world, as well as in all the learning that is improving to the understanding, she was far advanced beyond the

circles that moved around her. No motion was inelegant, no expression was ill-turned, no thought even was unstamped with the native purity and beauty of her mind. Yet, with all this was mingled a most irresistible spirit of coquetterie, and a most voluptuous impressionability of the senses. If thought and deliberation were enthroned upon her brow, kisses seemed to hang upon her rosy lips, which love had imbued with the quintessence of his nectar; and the ease of attitude, and the versatility with which she changed from the pose of listless languor to the sprightly liveliness and buoyant activity of the dance, demonstrated the force and the variety of those passions which were controlled, but not concealed, by the strong common sense and weight of character which she developed whenever the reign of reason predominated.

There was something in the manner in which she, at one moment, seated herself on a footstool at the feet of some one, listening to the tale or the jest; at another, reclined on the couch, drawing up her little feet sufficiently just to discover beneath the folds of her drapery the delicately moulded ankle; or flung herself into a fauteuil with careless impetuosity, or lounged against the wall with an air of indolent repose; there was something in all this that excited in others, ideas, and perhaps

wishes, of which she herself was the last to conceive the nature. For the innocence, and simplicity, and freshness of her mind were unrivalled; and the snow of the Righi was not purer than the infantine naïveté of her bosom. In this extremely unsophisticated tone of thought, and natural plainness of heart, she was still a little girl. Frank and free, and open and honest, she was like a child in her unsuspecting and confiding goodness; but in common things, experience of the world, and suffering, and consequent habits of thought, had made her a woman almost before her time, and if her franchise sometimes betrayed her into difficulties, her discretion, at least, always knew how to retrieve them. Her quick perception took the alarm the instant she had gone too far, and the rebuke which she could convey by her manner, was such as to annihilate the transgressor.

An anecdote will best illustrate both the dangerous nature of her beauty, and the stern character of her mind. It was a Frenchman, at Paris, who was one day venturing to draw a comparison between the two very opposite styles of expression, of herself and the fair Comtesse de Vauban.

"You," said he to the comtesse, "are like a virgin of Raphael, so wrapt in heavenly thought, so elevated above the stain of passion; so unearthly, so coldly and chastely beautiful."

"And what is the resemblance you assign to me?" enquired the young Italian Barona.

"Vous! vous êtes plutôt, Marie Madeleine," was the answer; and then, after a slight pause, he slowly added—"mais avant son repentir."

Our little heroine rose and left the room, her cheeks burning with indignation, and never again was the Frenchman permitted the entrée of her father's house.

Such was the woman, who, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, and perhaps, most of all, by the agency of that blind destiny which rules the fortunes of all men's lives, had recently become the wedded bride of Lord Clanelly. At once so winning, so exciting, so seductive in her own address, and so timidly sensitive, so bashfully retiring from the address of others, there seemed to be a sort of "*consciousness of sex*," which pervaded her every look, and thought, and action; and if she resembled the wanton woodbine, which, prodigal of its embraces, winds round every tree, and leans on the objects it entwines, she was at least only like that gadding parasite, when with the honey-dew upon the bursting bud, and with the crisp fresh leaf, and the cool fragrance of the night still round it, it shrinks from the kisses of the morning sun, and trembles as the breath of the breeze or the wing of the bee brush

lightly over it. But why attempt to "describe the indescribable," as Byron says of the Venus de Medicis?—there are things, the newspapers tell us, which "*baffle description*," and Jeannette Isabelle was one.

The untimely event of her indulgent father's death, which had left her without a natural protector or near relative in the world, (for her mother had died during her infancy), was perhaps the most influential reason which determined her to accede to the pressing solicitations of Lord Clanelly for an immediate marriage. The persuasions of her friends, and the zealously exerted influence of all those who from position or ties of blood had any claim upon her regard, would have nearly sufficed in themselves to have driven her into the much courted alliance; but when she looked round, and saw her own friendless and deserted situation in the world; when she gazed back upon the years of suffering which she had already spent, and from which matrimony seemed to assure her at least oblivion and repose; when she reflected on the peevish and unamiable character of the only person to whom she could otherwise now look for a legitimate asylum; when she felt the indifference to all things, and the aching void, and the unfilled place in her affections created by her father's death, and listened at the same time

to the passionate pleadings and warm professions of eternal devotion with which she was unremittingly besieged by the enamoured Lord Clanelly, it is not wonderful that she yielded; and, ignorant as she was of his previous engagement to Lady Emily Bazancourt, and hoping all things and believing all things of her lover, it would have been strange had she not accepted an offer which seemed to promise so many advantages as that of the English peer. Young, for he was still under age, and assured of a most ample fortune, and heir to princely estates, Lord Clanelly united also to these recommendations the most prepossessing exterior; a tall and handsome person, and a face in which, however, regularity of feature perhaps rather predominated over intellectual expression. He was certainly a man to make a woman love; and even the bare eagerness and impetuosity with which he prosecuted any point which he had once resolved to attain, the vehemence of his passion, and his empressment for its gratification, were qualities which made him a first-rate hero in the Italian school of romance. Still it was not without much fear, and some presentiments of unhappiness, that the Barona di Scarpa consented to sacrifice her independence to his pressing importunities; the melancholy which sometimes came over her seemed to cast a deeper shadow on the morning of the

solemnity, and she looked as she stood at the altar as much the victim as the bride.

The match had been so hastily contracted, that little time or opportunity had been afforded to her of thoroughly investigating the character and habits of him who was now to be her companion for life. It so happened that, like many Italian women, she had a great fondness for live animals, and she had a regular ménagerie of little pets and favourites, who all knew her, and fed out of her hand. She had her pretty spaniels, and her playful greyhound, and her goats, and a young roebuck, and a little capucine monkey, with a long gold chain and collar of turquoises; and as she sported on the turf of the ample garden of her palace near the Piazza Reale with her merry playthings, she seemed wild as themselves, and looked like an enchantress, or a Miranda, or a spirit of the woods and waves. Perhaps, curious as it may seem, this taste for wild animals, and the love of feeding and tending upon them, was after all the strongest point of sympathy between Jeannette and her husband; at any rate it was that which first caused their intimacy, and brought them frequently together. Lord Clanelly was celebrated, even in England, for his breed of bull-dogs, terriers, and fighting-cocks. His tastes were in fact, in many things, essentially low, and

not contented with the more aristocratic pursuit of the turf, he had been frequently seen at the prize-ring, or even at the cock-pit, or an occasional dog-fight. Nevertheless he could be thoroughly gentlemanly in his address and manners; he was a good linguist, he had considerable readiness in conversation, and he was in fact a person of no contemptible talents. His great defect was the exceeding légèreté and want of firmness of purpose, which allowed him, for the momentary indulgence of a whim, to sacrifice the feelings and happiness of any who happened to be obstacles or stand in the way of his enjoyment.

The present of a splendidly large Newfoundland dog, a characteristic cadeau, but one which was peculiarly pleasing to the little Barona, was the first thing which really made him appear agreeable in her eyes; and when soon afterwards he occupied himself seriously with the task of procuring for her a young doe that might pair with her favourite roe-buck, and at last succeeded, and brought it to her himself, and begged that it might be called "Jenny," after her own name, she really began to fancy she could like the young earl as a husband. The affability of his manners, the ample brown whiskers that half covered his handsome face, and which were not at all required to

“ plant out ” any defects, the straightness and firmness of his leg, and the vigour of his gait—all these things, perhaps, had not been lost upon her ; and if there were slight roughnesses in him which occasionally offended, these, said she to herself, I can polish down and correct.

She liked England ; she had been in a great measure educated in a convent in that country during her father's residence there ; and the prospect of residing in the summer time at one of those rural palaces which are so peculiarly the boast and pride of the English aristocracy, and of wandering in the woods and green lanes with her tame play-mates round her, and then the exhilarating expectation of spending her winters in the gaiety of the London monde, where her beauty and wit must command admiration, and her vanity be flattered by repeated triumphs, had been perhaps not without their influence in deciding her agreement to the proposed union.

The day arrived ; the nuptial guests assembled ; the church of Santa Maria del Carmine echoed with the final vow ; the garlands were distributed, the donations were given to the poor, and nothing but congratulations and rejoicing met the ears of the beautiful and flattered bride.

“ How I wish,” said her young friend, the

Principessa de Collini, "that I were in your place !
I can't tell you how I envy your happiness !"

"How tiresome my admirer is !" exclaimed the
little Marchésa de Balbi, "he has been two years
about me, and never proposed yet, and that English-
man has won Jeannette in a fortnight !"

CHAPTER VII.

It is the peculiar misfortune of women, resulting from the relative position which they occupy in society, that they never can see more than one side of a man's character. Of course, the fair side is always presented towards them, and all the darker traits and wilder extravagancies, are sedulously concealed on the reverse. This makes it so doubly dangerous for a girl to consult only her own preferences, and her own will, in making her choice for life; and this also proves the expediency, on all occasions, of taking the advice of some experienced male counsellor. Many a man may shine in the salon by his wit, taste, elegance, address, or good breeding; and yet, when he quits society, and revolves upon his axis, the darker half of his day may be passed in the kennel, the brothel, or the gambling house. How is a woman to ascertain this, if she is obstinately bent on asking no judgment but her own? Poor Jeannette Isabelle had no male

friend to refer to, whom she could trust. It was not wonderful if she began, very soon after the period of her marriage, to find that all is not gold which glitters, even in the tempting circlet of a wedding ring. Occasional symptoms of ill-humour, and a peevishness which seemed ever to be more discontented the more she endeavoured to soothe it, were the first clouds which rose to darken the horizon of her prosperity. Her husband had been so long the lawless follower of his own will, so accustomed to freedom from all restraint, and so spoiled by the subserviency and flattery of the menials around him, that he soon began to develop a weariness and tedium at the little attentions which were necessarily due from him to his wife; and seemed, in fact, to be as exigent and egoistical in making her wait upon his pleasure, and minister to his caprices, as if their sexes had been changed, and she were the devoted and admiring bridegroom, and he the beautiful and commanding bride. So tiresome, and so provoking, did this querulousness at length become on the part of Lord Clanelly, that he seemed to look upon even the regard and attention paid by his wife to every other object than himself, as so much taken from his own due. He still loved her with passionate excess; but there was so much of selfishness in his love, that he ever wished to concentrate and fix

upon himself, every thought, motion, and desire of her who was the object of his passion. He would recall her from the balcony, whither she would stray in the cool of the evening and gaze upon the stars, to sit beside him on the sofa, as if he were really jealous of her admiration of the lamps of heaven. If he were lounging in a fauteuil, and observed that she was more than usually interested and intent upon a drawing or a book,—“Jeannette,” he would say, “Jeannette, my darling, I have dropped my handkerchief, come and pick it up for me, dear:” and though, when she hastened to rise and cross the room to execute the task, she was drawn on to his knee, and covered with caresses and a multitude of kisses, still, the constant repetition of such wearing scenes, never ceased to make its gradual impression, like the dropping of the water on the stone, and she began to feel something of indignation, at being thus converted from the empress to the slave.

It is the drizzling, misty rain, which insinuates itself into the stoutest garment, and strikes the chill to the heart of the traveller; and so is it in love, that these little teasing, irritating trifles, try the temper more, and wear affection out more certainly, than the fiercest burst of passion, or most violent storm of anger.

Another fault committed by Lord Clanelly in the

treatment of his wife, and which also resulted from the self-willed and reckless sort of life he had been in the habit of leading, was the light tone in which he was accustomed to speak of woman's virtue, and the little value he seemed to attach to it. It was not the circumstance of his reading to her Boccaccio's pages, whose poetical imagery palliates the coarseness of his anecdotes; nor yet of his putting into her hands such books as the *Liaisons dangereuses*, or Faublas, in which the philosophy of the human heart, or the elegance of the style, redeem in some measure their immorality;—it was not this, we repeat, that undermined the affections of Jeannette, or made her fancy excitable, and inclined to wander, or taught her to think disrespectfully of her husband, which is generally the first step on the road to infidelity;—it was not this: for, according to Madame de Sévigny's often repeated maxim, “tout est sain aux sains;” and her mind was too pure, and her principles too high, to be shaken or dazzled by any loose sentiment she might casually meet with; but it was the discovery, that all her excellence was not, and never could be, appreciated;—it was the general want of delicacy of sentiment, and reverence for modesty and virtuous conduct, on the part of her husband, that shocked the feelings of Lady Clanelly, and, in any other woman, might

have almost justified infidelity, by the reflection, that so little value was attached to correctness of conduct, that it almost seemed a matter of indifference, whether the rules of propriety were adhered to or not. To Jeannette, there was a religion in love; its mysteries seemed to her a holy and sacred thing. Every endearment she bestowed, had its end and origin in the heart; and a sort of enthusiasm of fine feeling invested each act of blandishment with a halo as beautiful and bright, as if love were indeed a wandering beam from heaven. But her husband, who had less of sentiment and more of *pratique* in his character, recalled ever to the slimy earth her exalted imagination; and displaying more animal passion than refinement of sensibility, wounded her by his brusque manner, his levity of expression, and his too often worldly and corrupted opinions, which he displayed with a hardness that could not be called liberality. And this want of a fancy, which could burn and kindle with her own, began to be severely felt in every pursuit, and almost every event of our heroine's life. In vain she sought to fan, and stimulate into action, the long dormant feelings of enthusiasm, which perhaps had once existed in her husband's breast. Long mixing with the world had blunted the edge of his sympathies, and quenched the flame of his genius. Young

as he was, a sort of callous indifference, an apathy, and a disgust, had crept over him: he had drunk deep of the cup of enjoyment, the dregs of which are poison, and his mind was blazé, and discontented, and unexcitable. Every thing appeared to pall alike upon his senses and his thoughts. He had indulged every appetite too long to brook restraint,—he had played the Roué too well to succeed in Benedick,—he had wallowed too deeply in the mire to be able to restore himself to his original purity, by quaffing and laving in the waters, even of the crystal spring.

How could such a man be a fit companion for our heroine, as with tumultuous bursts of admiration, and passionate appeals to the genius of the past, and tributes to the ideal, she wandered round the sacred and classic environs of Naples? His was no soul which would bid him stop and kneel in wrapt devotion at the shrine of the reputations of the elder time—which could “unsphere” on the banks of the Ilyssus the spirits of Plato and his master, or find enchantment among the shades of Cirey in the memory of Voltaire—which could kindle with the bold courage of a Luther at the fortress of Wittenberg, or sigh at the hermitage of Ermenonville over the sorrows of Rousseau. The magic of life was dried up in his heart—the spell was broken

—the illusion fled—all those mighty sorceries which the perception of the sublime or the beautiful excites in every wholesome mind and undiseased imagination, were for him no more—his heart was dead to them. Paul, at the moment of the departure of Virginia; Werter, in the attitude of grasping his pistols; Romeo, with the poisoned goblet to his lips; Chatterton, through poverty and privation persisting still, the illustrator and the victim of genius—these were no themes for his perverted tastes, and vitiated appetites, and exhausted faculties. His heart leapt not at the charms of poetry. His pulse was cold to the exhilarating music and the merry dance. Ennui had settled like a cloud upon his soul. In vain his pretty Countess lavished her praises on the beauty of the bay of Naples, the luxuriant verdure of its gardens, the splendours of its innumerable villas, the freshness of the vines. In vain the Lucrine lake and Avernus were visited, and identified with the descriptions bequeathed to us by the Mantuan bard—in vain the tomb of that poet himself, and Pausilippo, with its subterranean road, and Portici, and Caserta, and the hermitage of Epomeo, and Capri, with its thousand recollections, and hallowed Pæstum, and Herculaneum, and Pompeii—those living tombs of departed nations—were resorted to for amusement, and for instruction, and perhaps still

more for the purpose of creating a mutual interest between herself and her husband, and finding some chord that would vibrate in harmony between them. He hung like a dead weight on her merriest moments, and he could not understand her more exalted flights of enthusiasm. He began to be a gêne and a drawback to her enjoyments; and every time that he interrupted her admiration or her eagerness after some object which interested him not, her weariness increased, and she could not help asking herself—Is this the man that I had dreamt I loved? Where was the charm? What is become of the illusion? Yet would she strive to conceal from him the irksomeness and impatience which he caused her; and to please him, she would caress the little doe he gave her, and frolic with the Newfoundland dog, till he became jealous even of his own gifts, and he would call her off from her amusement to make her come and sit by him hand in hand in the old garden arm-chair at the back of the Palazzo.

Why was she not then happy? For so many women this would have sufficed—so many women would have been not only satisfied, but pleased and delighted, to enjoy thus far the adoration of their husbands. We know not why it is, but there is in some breasts a longing after the infinite, a perpetual craving for something unattainable, an ardent tem-

perament, which seeks ever the vast, the boundless, the eternal, the universal. It is to such necessary that there should be something surpassingly excellent, and strikingly superior, to concentrate and attract that love and admiration, which, when once a worthy object is found, they know better than all others to bestow. Jeannette Isabelle began to feel happier in solitude than in the society of her husband—she began to find it a relief and a comfort to her to be alone. She would gaze over the waters of the beautiful bay, as if longing for something beyond their far horizon,—she would sit and look for hours at night on the stars in the blue Italian heaven, and, as she intently regarded the immensity of the dome above her, tears came into her eyes. Then she would retire to the privacy of her own apartment, and pore almost till morning dawned over some tearful history, or some stirring poem, or some old romance.

Lord Clanelly now found himself in that very disagreeable position for a man to be placed in, that of intellectual inferiority to the woman whom he has chosen as his companion for life. A consciousness of his own weaknesses and his own unworthiness was never absent from his mind. He could not help feeling that he was often a bore to his own wife, and his temper was still more soured ; and he became

jealous, and watchful, and recriminative, without the shadow of a cause.

It so happened that a little long-eared spaniel of King Charles's breed had been given her by an Italian marquis, named Pisatelli, who was a distant relative of her own family, and who was at the time paying his addresses to her most intimate friend, the Principessa de Collini. He had also brought her at the same time copies of two favourite French songs, which he used to sing, and which he had written out for her; one was "*Vous demandez pourquoi je pleure,*" a simple romance of Panseron; and the other, "*Sans espérance,*" by Hâlevy, which she had so much admired, when Shollet had sung it in the pretty opera of *L'Éclair* the preceding winter, at Paris. A few nights afterwards, a ball took place at the palace of the King of Naples, and Jeannette was as usual the pre-eminent, almost the exclusive object of admiration and idolatry. All the royal family were pressing in their notice and attention to her; the butterflies of fashion fluttered round her—they were dazzled by her beauty. The authors, the men of esprit, whispered in her ear—they were enchanted by her wit.

Pisatelli approached the circle, and saluting her as Corinne, asked whether she were most proud of the tributes to her talents or her beauty?

Her answer was, that she liked the fashionables, because she could amuse herself on them with her wit; but she liked better the wits, because they could make such pretty compliments to her beauty.

"Then," said Pisatelli, "the woman predominates over the genius, and your vanity is more pleased with a compliment to your beauty than to your brain."

"And with what woman is it not the case?" replied our heroine, "Do you not remember the anecdote of De Stäel, that one night the maladroit Schlegel found himself placed at table between her and a celebrated beauty of Vienna, and intending to contrive an impossibility, namely, to pay a compliment to two women at once, remarked, that for the first time in his life he found himself between the paragons of wit and beauty? De Stäel, colouring red, and looking furious, at once took that compliment to herself, which was intended for her neighbour, and replied, 'that she was much pleased; for though she had often been told she was witty, she had never received such high praise of her beauty before.'"

"I adore that feeling above all in a woman," said Pisatelli; "and I can enter into the views of poor De Stäel, when she said she would give up all her reputation as a writer, only to be good-looking."

It was just as this colloquy was going on, that Lord Clanelly's attention was directed upon the two talkers, by the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, with whom he found himself in conversation. The Honourable Mrs. Scraggs was the fruitful and fond mother of Lieutenant Scraggs, in one of his Majesty's regiments of the line now quartered in Ireland, and of three carrotty daughters, for one of whom she had originally destined the house and estates of Clanelly. She had never forgiven the slight passed upon Miss Clementina Scraggs, by the marriage of Lord Clanelly with the Barona, and she sought revenge. The Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, however, was anything but like Ovid's description of Invidia, who is represented by the poet as excessively thin and meagre: the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, on the contrary, was one of those fat and dowdy figures which Sheridan said he "longed to draw out, as one does an opera-glass." She looked more like a bloated, gloating toad, as she remarked to Lord Clanelly how well her ladyship was looking this evening; and then added, that *M. de Pisatelli seemed to think so too*. At the time he said nothing; he would not so far gratify the malignant and Honourable Mrs. Scraggs.

But the following morning, as his wife was sitting beside him in the garden, and the pretty little

long-eared spaniel came bounding to her side, and she stooped to caress it, a cloud came over Clanelly's brow, and he remembered the remark of last night, and he spurned the poor animal from him with his foot. "Clanelly!" exclaimed Jeannette, in a tone so grave, so severe, so sorrowfully reproachful, that it must have gone to the heart of a stone. Tears came into her eyes; this increased the ill-humour of her lord; explanations and recriminations ensued; they both felt aware that the bond that had united them had snapped. The immediate cause of quarrel was ridiculous; but it was not ridiculous that two young people—become now indifferent to each other, or nearly so, or perhaps worse—should have to travel on together to the end of the journey of life.

"Il leur fallait des distractions."

Clanelly, just at this conjuncture, received also information that his guardian, Lord Carmansdale, had obtained his diplomatic mission to the court of Naples, and was expected immediately to replace the present chargé d'affaires. This decided him to leave Italy, as he was unwilling to encounter his angry guardian. "To-morrow," said he to his wife, "we will leave Naples and start for England;" and the heart of Jeannette beat lightly at his proposal.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEVER a more beautiful day dawned on the magnificence of Italian scenery than that which was destined to witness the departure of our heroine from all its splendours and its charms. Words cannot paint the brilliance of the prospect on such a morning around Castella-Mare, and along the whole route to Sorrento, or the hues flung by the lights and shadows of its uneven surface upon the sides of Vesuvius, or the brightness and gayness of the bay, as the boats skim lightly over it, and their white sails gleam in the splendour of the rising sun. It was only the middle of April,—but so genial was the season, that almost a sultriness was already perceived in the air; and the elasticity and buoyancy of spirit, so peculiarly the result of the Italian atmosphere, was never more strongly felt by the crowd than on the present day : but our heroine's mind was convulsed with a struggle of contending emotions ;—joy at the prospect of changing the scene and diversifying the train of her often too melancholy

thoughts ; sorrow at the necessity of parting once more from her native and her dearly-loved Naples ; apprehension also for the future, and doubts and fears for the effect such removal and a return to his old associates in England, might have upon her lord :—all these feelings contended for mastery in her bosom ; and as she stood in her favourite balcony, and saw trunk after trunk, and imperial after imperial brought down and attached to the carriages, and heard the order given to the postillions to take the route to Aversa, her heart turned faint and sick, and she trembled violently and was obliged to cling to the railing of the balcony for support. The birds were singing in the trees, and her own canaries in their cages answered them. She opened the door of their prison, and would have set them free, but so well had they been trained to their captivity that liberty had lost its charm, and Jeannette thought of their resemblance to her own countrymen, the Italians, and said, “Why will they not be free ?” and she wept.

Of all the pretty pets in her *ménagerie* she took a sorrowful last farewell. Only the greyhound and two of the spaniels,—not *Pisatellis*,—were selected to accompany her, and to all and each of the others she gave a parting embrace, as she carefully enjoined the domestic to soigner them carefully till her return. Her return—when was it to be ? She looked down the

dark stream of fate misgivingly, and all was dark : she could perceive no future for herself ; she could feel assured of no anticipation of happiness to come ; she had even a firm presentiment that she was going forth as a wanderer to return no more ; that the sufferings she had hoped to terminate by her marriage were but now going really to commence ; and as the young favourite roebuck and his doe came bounding up merrily to her side, and looked up in her face with their full dark eyes, she felt her heaviness of heart and melancholy foreboding increase.

“ Oh ! if I but knew,” she exclaimed to herself, “ if I could but find the clue to Clanelly’s character, which would lead him back into the right path, and teach him once more to deserve the respect which I formerly bore him ! I would fain think that he loves me yet. On our journey I shall have still further opportunity than I have yet enjoyed of studying him, and I will endeavour to approfondir his weaknesses and failings to the bottom ; in order, by ascertaining the causes of his defects, to know how to endeavour to remedy them.”

“ Carlo !” she continued, “ poor Carlo !” as her eye glanced on the majestic Newfoundland dog which had been the earliest pledge of her husband’s love, and the first conveyance of its expression—“ Carlo, my old fellow, you cannot come with us ; there is no

place for you," and for a moment the associations and souvenirs connected with the unconscious animal, who put his fore paw affectionately on her knee, overwhelmed her, and she leaned her forehead on her hand, lost in a train of dreamy reverie.

If our heroine had still loved her husband, it is evident that a place might have been easily found for Carlo in one of the carriages. In such little trifles does estrangement, as well as love, betray itself.

At this moment her pretty merry little friend, whose name we have already mentioned as having been her bridesmaid, the young Principessa de Colini, entered to bid her farewell. She ran up to Jeannette, and threw her arms round her neck and kissed her; and then she presented to her, as her parting gift, a beautiful and fragrant bouquet she had that morning risen early to gather for her from her own parterre.

"I have brought you these flowers, dearest," said the merry-souled Principessa, "and as my garden is within sight of the *Castelle Uovo*, where the gardens of *Lucullus* used to be, I think I have a right to make a classical application of them, and constitute you my *Flora*;" and so saying, she playfully placed the garland as a crown upon the dusky and flowing ringlets of her melancholy friend.

"Sure I am," answered Jeannette, as she admired

her fragrant offering, "that no Roman maiden of old ever presented a richer sacrifice at the foot of the garden goddess; and I thank you. Nina," she continued, "I am very unhappy."

For a moment they were both of them silent, and then it was Jeannette who proceeded again.

"Nina, I thank you for your bouquet; will you oblige me by accepting from me a present in return? If you will permit it, I will bequeath to you Carlo, my poor Newfoundland favourite. I will give him to you to keep till we meet again; and if that time should be so long," and she sighed as she spoke, "that the poor beast should die, bury him for me in your own garden, where you gathered for me the bouquet, and promise me that you will think often of me as you walk upon your terrace, which we have so often paced happily together."

"I accept your gift, dearest Isabelle," said the Princess, "and thank you for it many times. With regard to the end of your speech, I will promise not only to think of you often, but I will promise more:—I will undertake, and pledge myself solemnly by a vow, that, should you ever be in distress, mental or bodily, in which I can assist you—that should you by any train of unfortunate contingencies find yourself deserted or desolate in the world—or, what is perhaps worse, should you become oppressed, and

tyrannized over and insulted by one whom I was once fool enough to envy you as a companion for life, I will risk every thing to deliver you. I have never loved any one as I love you, Jeannette."

Jeannette Isabelle was moved, but unable to stoop to confess even to her most intimate confidante a fact with which she seemed already but too familiarly acquainted, namely the ill-treatment of her husband. She replied with all the pride of women on such occasions, "I know your kindness, Nina, and I am far from being ungrateful for your offer; but Clanelly is too good to me to render it probable that I shall ever stand in need of your assistance, from such reasons at least as you have ventured to suggest."

"Carlo," said Nina, playfully, as if to relieve her friend, for she saw her heart was full—"Carlo, we will be friends, dog, won't we? and if your mistress ever tumbles into the water, we will both jump in together and pull her out."

"Well, Nina," said our heroine, stretching out her hand, "you are a good girl, and I hope *you*, at least," emphatically, "will get a good husband at last. Is Monsieur le Marquis very attentive lately?"

Nina blushed in her turn, and the servant coming in to announce that the carriages were packed, and all was ready, broke up for an interval the conversation.

"And now," said Jeannette at last, "I go forth into the world more alone than formerly ; then I had a father, now I have nothing but——" she forgot that she was on the point of communicating the very secret she had struggled to disguise ; and suddenly breaking off, she exclaimed, "write to me, dearest Nina—write to me always ; you are too true a friend for me to lose sight of for a day."

The thought of the use to which she might, perhaps, one day be necessitated to turn her friend's generous offer of assistance, flashed across her mind, but she dispelled it. She rose to descend the staircase, and she found Clanelly waiting ; but it was much too beautiful a day for him to be in bad humour ; entirely a sensualist, he depended on his outward impressions of the moment to give a colour to his feelings. He saluted Nina good-naturedly : he held out his hand to our heroine, and carefully put on her shawl ; and as the carriages dashed down the streets, and through the Piazza, every one remarked what a happy, smiling couple, were Lord Clanelly and his wife ; and the little Marchesa di Balbi, who was gazing from her window, again coveted the good fortune of Jeannette, and heaped redoubled reproaches on the head of her own unfortunate lover, who had been two years admiring her at a distance, and had never yet dared to make

any closer proposal of alliance. How blind the world is !

Nevertheless, as the britska rolled along the great Northern road, and the variety of objects, and the unbroken sunshine, and the beautiful blue heaven, and the songs of the peasants, broke upon her senses, our heroine did feel, for a time, relief from her melancholy, and was beguiled into hopes for a happier future. The trees were already in the full luxuriance of verdure. The atmosphere was already perfumed at intervals with the fragrance of violets and of early spring wild flowers, and an occasional convolvulus stealing through the hedges, looked out, as Mrs. Norton beautifully expresses it, "as if longing for a breeze."

The orange and lemon trees were beginning to blossom, and Jeannette thought to herself, that long before their boughs were yellow with their golden fruit, she should be far away. Just as she was revolving these thoughts, and they had advanced some stages on their way, and were now between Sparanise and St. Agata, an English carriage met them; and as the custom is, they waited nearly opposite each other to allow the postillions to exchange their respective horses, and return with them to the post from which they came.

"Eilen sie sie—make haste—schneller, go quicker

—sapperment corpo di Baccho—God damn,” exclaimed the Englishman’s courier, in a mixture of English, Italian, and German; and at the same time, a very white hand, with an antique ring on the little finger, and containing a mother-of-pearl snuffbox, was seen on the ledge of the window. It was a trying moment for Lord Clanelly, as he recognised his guardian, Lord Carmansdale, with his old faithful attendant, Anton, and he leaned far back in his carriage, in the hope of not being recognized. His britska had a plain pannel, without arms or coronet, and he hoped he had escaped; but it will, perhaps, subsequently appear, whether the observant Anton did not remark the expressive countenance, the long hair, and strongly-pencilled brows of Lady Clanelly, although at the time, the carriages glided on in silence, each on their separate route; and Lord Carmansdale presently found himself too much occupied at the Embassy at Naples, to pay any attention to the circumstance of the rencontre with his rebellious ward.

Another coincidence, however, awaited our heroine and her lord in the hôtel at Fondi, perhaps even yet more remarkable than the last. Over the door, communicating with the apartment into which they had been shown, was an aperture, intended for a window, but the glazing had been removed, and

the voices of two Englishmen in conversation could be most distinctly heard.

"Oh! no," said one, "impossible for me to think of it; I have in the first place no money, and am only considered in society as a dangerous detrimental."

"But you have always your profession of the bar to fall back upon if you like it," said the other voice. "Make your offer and marry, and then leave it to Providence, or your own talents, or your own impudence, to get on."

At this period Lord Clanelly quitted the room, and left his wife alone, to hear the remainder of the interesting conversation.

"You advise me then to follow the recommendation which Lord Kenyon once gave to a young barrister, whose father had consulted him about the desolate prospects of his son. 'The best thing for a young man to do,' said he, 'is to spend his own fortune as fast as he can; the next thing is, to marry, and spend his wife's fortune; and then, when he finds himself with encumbrances, and without money, it is very odd indeed if he does not begin to work in earnest, and if he works in earnest he must succeed.' But conceive me, my dear Mullingham, at the bar. Had I gone on with it, I should have become, perhaps, by this time, just such an old

petrified fossil—just such a piece of cross-grained mahogany—as that queer old fellow Snuffles, whom we met the other day, if you remember, at Lord Furstenroy's dinner."

"Yes, by Jove, I do remember it: what a quizz the animal was! but I think you ought to remember it, Grainger, better than I, for you had him at your side all dinner time, instead of the fair lady Emily."

"Poor Lady Emily! I admire her certainly, and I could never treat her in the abominable manner in which she has been treated by that rascally Clanelly. I do think his conduct, in respect to that marriage, the most infamous and cowardly that ever disgraced a young man's honourable name."

"Well, after all," said Mullingham, "perhaps she had rather an escape, for I understand Clanelly would have been a regular brute to her; they say he still keeps up his connection (notwithstanding his marriage) with that woman that used to be about in his cab in London; and, besides that, he is a terrible *courreur*, and not a day passes, but that he gives some occasion or other to his wife to reproach him with infidelity."

"All the happier for her if she doesn't know it," said Grainger. "I am told she is a charming person!"

Poor Jeannette, who had not ventured to draw

her breath during this colloquy, sunk back in her chair: what followed appeared to her at the time of little comparative interest; but every word was engraved on her memory, and she recalled the circumstance long afterwards in another land.

"What a nice fellow young Bazancourt is," said Grainger.

"You mean that *fanatico per la musica*, Lord Fletcher," said Mullingham.

"On the contrary; I mean Dick, as they call him, the youngest. He is quite a boy yet, of course, or else I wouldn't give two sixpences for Clanelly's life. I never saw such an eye to draw a trigger! and he looks as if he never would forget either his friends or his enemies: what a face too for a woman to love! I think I never saw a more beautiful expression."

"Well," said Mullingham, as he called his valet, Stephen, to dress him for dinner, "it is a *distingué avenir* that you mark out for Richard Bazancourt; you intend that he should commit both love and murder."

The voices ceased, and poor Jeannette Isabelle trembled from head to foot with agitation; but when her husband returned, she complained of passing indisposition, and kept to her own reflections the disastrous secret.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR work resembles at present a landscape seen through a fog. Only detached and insulated spots are visible, which appear to have no connexion or relation with each other, and all that intervenes is a dense mass of mist and incoherent perplexity: by and by the sun will we hope break out; the vapour will disperse; the floating islands of the narrative will become conjoined and continuous; the fitness of the parts to each other and to the whole will be made evident; and the general order and harmony of the prospect be established.

For the moment we must leave Lord Clanelly and his interesting partner on their route to England, and lounge arm in arm with George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham round the streets and squares of Naples.

"By Jove," said Lord Arthur to his companion, as they were sitting together in the *Albergo degli' Ambascadori* over a breakfast of fruit, and iced wine,

and cold turkey chicken, "we must go to-day, and call on Carmansdale; I suppose he must be regularly installed in the embassy by this time, and must have polished up all his snuffboxes till he can see the reflection of his own gray whiskers in them to perfection. I wonder what Carmansdale does with his wife? One never hears anything of Lady Carmansdale, nor where she lives, nor what she does, and it is a most extraordinary thing that everybody takes him for a bachelor. Allons! I long to see the papers, too, in hopes that there may be some chance of your friends the Whigs being out-voted."

"Wait a minute," said Grainger, "something dreadful has happened to me—pity me."

"What's the matter?" asked the other, "any bad news?—have you got letters of ill tidings from the poste restante? No loss of relations, I hope?—no pecuniary difficulty—my dear Grainger?" observing the very grave and dejected countenance of his friend.

"No, alas! nothing of so trivial a description, mon cher; but conceive my chagrin—there is actually a large hole in a pair of light boots, which Guerrier made me only the day before I left Paris."

"My dear friend! I do then really pity you; this is indeed an affliction. Why don't you go to Fitz-Patrick, or to my friend Concanon, in the

Arcades?—his leather is like O'Connell's tongue, and goes on for ever without the least symptom of wearing out."

"The O'Connellites are obliged to you for your compliment," said the witty dandy, "and I must see how I can return it:" and then continuing in the tone of affected gravity, which he knew so well how to assume, he proceeded—"what a glory for the leader of you Tories, to have identified his name for ever with the discovery of Wellington boots! Various and proud as are the distinctions of our aristocracy, long as we may name our buggies after a Stanhope, our jackets after a Spenser, or our great coats after a Petersham, none seems to me so high an honour as this baptismal adoption of the boot; and yet how ephemeral is all human grandeur! It is now pretended that the Roman emperor Caligula took his name from the peculiar kind of gaiters which he was in the habit of wearing. A few years more may pass by, and history may doubt, perhaps, with respect to the Wellingtons, whether the boots took their name from the hero, or the hero took his name from the boots!"

"*Après de bottes*," interrupted Mullingham, "I must write a new order to Paris for a fresh supply; I will give the commission to Lord Fletcher, from whom, by the bye, I rather expect to find a letter

waiting for me at the embassy. I suppose he is still amusing himself at Paris, and probably not at all the less so, for the circumstance of his father and sisters being shipped for London."

"I hope, when you write to him," said Grainger, "you will give him some good advice: I should imagine few people better calculated from experience to undertake the part of 'The Guide to Paris,' or 'The Young Man's Friend.'"

"If I have any useful experience, I can assure you I have purchased it dearly," replied Mullingham; "I will give you an instance of the way in which I have been schooled in misfortune. About six or eight years ago, when I first came as attaché to the Paris embassy, I remember falling desperately in love with a passing beauty, a very young girl indeed, whom I met quite accidentally in the street. Without a great deal of difficulty, I persuaded her to come and pay me a visit in my lodgings; and wishing to make what I considered a most handsome present, and being obliged to compromise between my vanity and my necessity for economy, I presented her with half a dozen silver tea-spoons from my own table, and engraved with my family crest. Eh bien!—time rolled by: I think six years had passed over our heads, when, finding myself again in Paris, and having, as you know, the

mauvaise habitude of falling in love, I was so struck by a face and figure of a woman in a box aux Italiens, who blazed with diamonds and bijouterie, and quitted the theatre in her chariot with horses and liveries of her own, that I determined that, *coute qu' il coute*, she should be mine. I dispatched an ambassador with preliminary protocols, and after the interchange of numerous dispatches, a treaty was concluded, in which, like the Turks to the Russians, I was condemned to pay her an indemnity for the expenses of the war to the amount of a thousand francs. The terms were accepted, and I was permitted to pay her an evening visit in her sumptuous lodgings, where I remained so extremely late, enjoying the charms of her conversation, that the next morning arrived before I was aware of it, and I consented to stay with her for breakfast. Well, George, figurez vous, that during the meal I took up by accident one of the tea-spoons, and there on the end of it, to my utter astonishment, I found engraved the boar's head and laurel in his mouth, which you know as well as I do; in short, my own family crest: I looked at it with surprise, and remarked upon the oddness of the circumstance—*'Mais, mon cher Arthur, est ce que tu ne me connais pas?'*—exclaimed the extortioness of a woman, who it appears had known me perfectly well

the whole time; and, on examining more closely, I at length recognized the once familiar features of my old friend of the trottoir."

"The romance of your first love must have been a little dispelled," said Grainger. "I am sure I wish I could rise as rapidly in my own profession as she did; but you are getting shockingly loose in your conversation, my dear Mullingham; and, besides, we ought to be walking towards Carmansdale's."

"Allons!" replied Lord Arthur; and Grainger having changed the unfortunate boot, they sallied forth together in the direction of the embassy, and the above conversation was continued at intervals on the way.

"It is very striking that the saving system should be so universal among the class of persons in France, which you have just described," said Grainger; "but so it is: they all lay by money, and many of them, who have begun their career penniless, die the possessors of an ample fortune. In London, I know not why, but it is exactly the reverse: the prospect is indeed melancholy. A girl is seduced—say a clergyman's daughter in the country, or a young lady from a boarding-school—the chances are twenty to one that in a few years she will be houseless, friendless, moneyless, begging

alms of the midnight passengers, and dying of drinking gin to excess: one of those 'nymphs,' in short, who, since Rochester's time, continue to

take their stand

Where Cath'rine street descends into the Strand.

In France they all gradually ascend the ladder: in England they go down and down in the world, till they perish of shame and want. I believe much of this difference must originate in the light in which connexions of this sort are viewed in the two countries, and the greater leniency of treatment they experience, both from police protection and from private manners in France; but, whatever be the reason, true it is, that many a woman who plies in the beginning for five francs on the boulevards, dies prosperous and wealthy. The *conturière* and *lingère* become proprietesses of a *modiste's* or *nouveautés* shop. The *soubrette* rises from being a waiting maid, to keeping a boarding-house for vagabond English, or an *estaminet*; and a few, perhaps, who have commenced as actresses or dancers, are transmigrated into *Ninons de Lenclos* or *Marions de Lorme*."

"The fact is," said Mullingham, "that the spirit of saving among the lower orders, from which class these women are of course for the most part drawn,

is a thing unknown in England, owing to the fatal operation of our late poor laws. I believe, really, that it is here we must look for the true reason of the difference you have pointed out. All the French ouvriers and peasants in town or country, but most in the country, lay by some portion at least of their earnings. The cottages may look poor to an Englishman who passes from Boulogne to Paris in a diligence; and it is true that a French countrywoman does not think it necessary to wear a hat, or walk in leather shoes, but the plain cap, and the wooden sabots, are the talisman of their prosperity; and all these poor-looking peasants have a secret hoard somewhere, either in a hiding-place at home, or deposited in the provincial caisses d'épargnes."

"This has probably much to do with it," continued Grainger; "nevertheless, I apprehend our first reason to be the principal cause of the difference, namely, the opposite manner in which the position of these individuals is regarded by the public. The same reason, too, must account for the greater degree of elegance and refinement of manners and tastes, for which the courtezans of France have been remarkable through all its history. Self-respect is the key to, and generator of, a more elevated tone of sentiment; and where this is not quite lost, efforts will still be made to preserve it. But, as in the army,

the once-flogged soldier becomes so degraded in his own eyes, that he is fit for every enormity, so in England women, who are taught that their position is so despicable as to be irretrievable, lose at once even the ambition of appearing more virtuous than they are, and there is less decency in London than in Paris. Where, for example, are the parallels in our history to the Ninons and Marions whom you just mentioned—the confidantes of the Richelieus and Mazarins, the modern Aspasia, the associates of the courtiers and the wits of the most refined aristocracy in Europe? The paramours of our princes are all of a coarser kind. Doll Tearsheet is of course the creation of the poet, but he had dipped his brush in the tap of the pot-house before he attempted her portrait. Jane Shore, instead of the voluptuous courtesan, brings nothing to our memories but the white sheet and wax taper of her superstitious penance; and even the celebrated Nell Gwynne, under the patronage and surveillance of Mrs. Chiffinch, puts on a broader smile, and laughs too vulgarly loud to be compared with the tenants of the perfumed boudoirs of France. The beauties of Charles II. are indebted to Sir Peter Lely for the perpetuity of their renown for personal attractions; but we look in vain to the Duchess of Cleveland, or the Duchess of Portsmouth, for the lively repartees

and piquant anecdotes we all remember of the Montespan, and Pompadours, and de la Valières. This, perhaps, depends in a great measure on the want of *mémoire* writers in our own court literature, a species of composition which abounds almost to absurd extravagance among our neighbours. What a field for *mémoire* writing, for instance, is opened in the late reign of George the Fourth! but *voici*, the *Largo di Castello*, and here we are at the door of the embassy. Pray ring hard, Mullingham—his old German, Anton, is so devilishly slow.”

Meanwhile the representative of his Britannic Majesty at the court of Naples, was seated in an antiquesly carved easy chair in his dressing-room, with no garment round him, though long past the hour of noon, except an ample *roquelaire* of Persian silk, girded loosely round the waist with ropes and tassels. No mighty question of war or peace seemed at the moment to challenge the finesse of his diplomatic labours. No *Vattel* expanded its luminous leaves on the table before him—no *Puffendorff* or *Grotius* were there to enlighten him on the debatable points of international law—but a novel of Paul de Kock was on the *table de nuit*, and a volume of Goldsmith's *History of England*, bound by Lewis in London, and now carefully covered with a double wrapper of white and brown paper, served as a support to elevate the half-consumed *bougie*. Happy

and honoured Goldsmith! Farewell to the toils of Henry, and Hallam, and Turner, and Linguard, and Hume—Goldsmith triumphs over them all, in being selected as the referee and instructor of so high and important an authority. A row of seven or eight watches, of different size and antiquity, was on the dressing-table; amongst them were several of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, curiously embossed in gold on their massive cases. There was a time-piece by Bréguet, and an old English double-cased chronometer and repeater; but no product of Geneva appeared among the collection: for it was a favourite saying of Lord Carmansdale's, that a Geneva watch was only a fit appendage to a Vienna carriage, and that both were so flimsily made, that they should be possessed by no one who did not live on his capital, and intend to get through his fortune at the longest in five years. There was a variety of gold chains, and trinkets of every description, on the table, upon the drawers, and suspended from the wall upon hooks. The whole room, in short, resembled more than anything else the shop of Escudier, that king of *marchands des curiosités*, on the quai Voltaire at Paris. The faithful Anton was standing behind his master, carefully polishing with a huge piece of soft wash leather a large and rich gold plateau, while his master himself was similarly employed upon a snuffbox.

"Well," said the old servant, with his customary licence of remark, "I can't understand what can be the use of so many snuffboxes, when your lordship so seldom takes snuff—es ist sehr ausserordentlich, nicht wahr?"

"I got this last box very cheap, Anton," said the English nobleman; "I gave forty scudi less than the old woman asked for it."

"Desto besser—so much the better," said Anton; "as it is, I don't think it such a very great bargain."

"But the cup and plateau, Anton, which you are polishing there—ah! verfluch!—mind what you are at with it—don't rub so hard—don't bend down the edges in that manner."

Just at this moment a violent ringing was heard at the bell outside: "Sit still, Anton, and don't leave your work," said the diplomatist; "it's only some cursed Bull come about his passport. Let them find the attaché."

"Your lordship forgets that since Mr. Kynaston resigned, no new attaché is appointed, and the secretary of legation is gone over to Rome for a week upon leave."

"Then I am all alone here, eh? You must sign their passports, Anton, yourself. I'll make you my secretary pro tempore."

Another servant tapped at the door, and informed his lordship that two Englishmen below wanted to speak with him.

"Tell them I am engaged," was the answer.

A message was again sent up, to which Lord Carmansdale replied with the greatest gravity—"Tell the two gentlemen that I regret the circumstance exceedingly; but that the commission is sitting at present in my room, and I shall not be able to see them for the next three hours, if they will call again."

No answer was sent up to this message; but Arthur Mullingham and Grainger ran up the stairs in a fit of almost convulsive laughter, burst into the room, and shook hands with the minister in the very midst of the commission, consisting of himself, his valet, and the snuffboxes.

"I really am delighted to see you," said Carmansdale, also laughing heartily; "I was afraid it was some raw John Bull, with a letter from one of my twenty-ninth cousins, and looking as hungry at my dinner-table as one of the lazaroni with a plate of maccaroni before him. How they bore me, my unfortunate countrymen! The vulgarity, the presumption, the coarseness, the indelicacy—bah!—but I want your opinion about a stand or pedestal I am going to have made for this cup and plateau.

I bought them of a Jew at Florence by the weight of the gold, and only gave six scudi for the façon, which is beautiful."

"Have you any letters for us?" asked Lord Arthur.

"One from Paris for your lordship," said Anton; and Mullingham, seeing it was in Fletcher's handwriting, put it in his pocket to be read at leisure.

"Are you engaged to-morrow?" asked Lord Carmansdale; "for heaven's sake go and join Mrs. Scragg's party, if you want really to be well amused. A sort of fête-champêtre to be given on the bay. I will undertake to send you both invitations."

The offer was accepted, and the young men, having talked over a variety of subjects, lounged back to their hôtel. ✓

Stepping for a minute into the public coffee-room, they found a party of their countrymen assembled there. "It's d—d insolence," said a little fat red-faced man in a corner, who continued mopping his "dew-besprent" forehead with a cotton mouchoir, "three times I've been myself with my passport to the embassy, and 'not at home' was the answer. I'd taken my place for Rome, and paid for it, and so have lost my money—and the country pays him £4000 a-year for treating his countrymen in this way."

"And I," said another half-gentleman, pint-of-port looking Bull, in a bright blue neckcloth, "I had a personal letter of introduction to him, from a connection of my own family, who knows him intimately. Would you believe it? I have left the letter, and called three times, and he only sent his servant with a card in return, and has not even asked me to dinner."

"I shall represent all this at the Foreign Office on my return," said a pompous Radical; "Lord Palmerston is my particular friend, and often asks me my opinion about the diplomatic appointments."

CHAPTER X.

“LORD ARTHUR MULLINGHAM, allow me the honour of presenting you to the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs; Miss Scraggs; Miss Clementina Scraggs; Miss Barbara Scraggs; Mr. Grainger; Mrs. Scraggs and her family. How strange it seems to call you *Mr.* Grainger. There are some people in the world that one always calls naturally by their christian names, and they are sure to be universal favourites. If a girl, for instance, is called by men Fanny Jenkins or Emily Bacon, she is sure to be a pretty, merry, good-natured, dancing flirt; and if a man is called William Atkins, or George Grainger, by women, one always expects to see a light-haired, laughing-faced, good-looking fellow, and the chances are ten to one that he plays solos on the flute, and sings Italian duets. Here come some more of our party;” and so saying, Lord Carmandale gave his arm to our friend, the little Principessa di Collini, who had also been invited to the party, and got away to a little distance, as if to avoid something disagreeable.

The sun shone bright upon the bay, and kissed the sleepy waters as they rippled and murmured to the shore. The spot selected for the re-union was at the site of the old ruin, called the Temple of the Giants, close by the fine remains of the Cumæan aqueduct, and not far from the Arco Felice, or gate of Cumæ; and occasional detachments from the party mounted to the summit of the arch to enjoy the fine view of the Circæan promontory, which is commanded from its summit; and Miss Barbara Scraggs said, the island of Ventotiena* looked so beautiful that she should not mind being as naughty as the celebrated Julia, if she was sure of meeting with no worse punishment than confinement to its lovely shores.

The rest of the party, who had just arrived in a hired calèche together, consisted of four gentlemen, who will be perhaps best described by affixing to them the sobriquets which they had received from the facetiousness of Miss Clementina, for the Misses Scraggs were exactly of that class of girls who glory in the vulgar wit of giving nicknames to all their acquaintances. The first who descended from the voiture was a middle-aged, soft-voiced, and comfortable-looking individual, whose name was Barlow. He was a person who knew every body, and every thing about every body, and was always determined to make the

* The ancient Pandataria.

acquaintance of any new arrivals in a place at all personal risk : hence he had acquired with the Misses Scraggs the familiar appellation of Toe Barlow, from its being said of him that he had the habit of treading on the toes of people to whom he could not otherwise be presented, and that thus, by begging their pardons, he would enter into conversation and dispense with the necessity of a better introduction. He himself, however, derived his sobriquet of *Toe Barlow* from his christian name of Anthony, although malicious persons declared that he was christened James William in the parish register, and that the name of Tony was adopted since he had earned the nickname of Toe. No sooner, however, on the present occasion, did he recognize the strange faces and figures of Lord Arthur and Grainger, than he set himself about discovering who they might be. He was presently informed of their names and family, and that they had come with Lord Carmansdale in his carriage. Accordingly he determined that he must instantly make their acquaintance. Now it so happened that George Grainger had certainly a more distingué appearance than his noble friend ;—Nature does sometimes make such mistakes ;—and Toe Barlow imagining him to be the son of a duke, on no better grounds than because he looked like a gentleman, approached him with his blindest smile, and said, “I beg your pardon ; I

hope you will allow me to inquire after Lady Mary Ellersby, your lordship's sister, I believe. I had the honour of sitting next her at a dinner party at the Duke of Wellington's, before I left town."

Grainger simply replied that he was probably mistaking him for Lord Arthur, whom he pointed out at a distance.

"Dear me! how extraordinary!" replied Toe Barlow, determined at all events to hazard a compliment. "How extraordinary! There is such a remarkable likeness in the face between you and Lady Mary! What a beautiful creature she is!"

The next individual who alighted from the calèche was a recreant Polonais, a young man of a good family in Poland, but who had basely allowed himself to be corrupted by the Russians, and was now supposed to be employed in some way as a spy, or reporter on the movements of the Neapolitan government. Eau-de-cologne was said not to be among the articles of his toilet, and though, like the Venus of the poet, he scattered odours in his train, they were not embued with the ambrosial fragrance which hovered round the flight of the goddess.* The avernus of the poets was an emblem of his mouth, and many an unfortunate fly who flew past the pestiferous abyss, overcome by

* "Ambrosium fugiens latè diffudit odorem."—ÆNEID.

the Tartarean vapours, fell a victim to his rash flight upon the table. Hence Miss Clementina Scraggs had not inaptly affixed to him the appellation of the *pole-cat*.

After the pole-cat came the Kilkenny cat, a young good-looking Irishman, a regular fire-eater, always ready to quarrel with any body to the last gasp, and so named by Miss Scraggs from the old story of the two Kilkenny cats, who eat each other up, till there was nothing left but the two tails and a little fluff. Mr. Higgins Fitz-Waterton, as the syllable prefixed to his surname was intended to indicate, was the illegitimate offspring of an Irish earl, who had bequeathed to him a very small fortune in the funds, which he had entirely spent. Lord Carmansdale called him "the man with a thousand a-year—for one year," and now that he had no further means, he managed notwithstanding to go on without at all retrenching his expenditure. He lived rather as La Fleur says, in the Sentimental Journey, "*comme il plait à Dieu*," that is to say, he was always ready to fight, gamble, or drink; was rather an amusing fellow in a mixed party, and having very little left either of credit or of honour, he always concluded every sentence he spoke with "on my honour and credit." As his character was well known, and Miss Barbara or Bab Scraggs was known or surmised to have five thousand

pounds, her honourable mamma was always in agonies whenever he appeared, and it was only by the cleverest contrivance that Miss Barbara obtained for him to-day's invitation.

But the fourth and last individual that the calèche discharged from its well-filled interior, was viewed with very different eyes by the aspiring and honourable Mrs. Scraggs. He was a Dutch diplomat; not a minister, it is true, nor yet quite a *chargé*, nor even a secretary of legation—but he was entrusted with a special mission respecting some money claims of his own government on the Neapolitan, and his salary was so small that he had not even an equipage of his own. Still he was a diplomat. He wore the diplomatic uniform at the court balls, and danced with Miss Clementina; and then he might rise one day to be even an ambassador, and perhaps be sent to the court of St. James's; and then not even the disappointment caused by Lord Clanelly, would be much to be regretted.

M. Van de Ruyter, so was the Dutchman called, looked as if he were always casting up accounts; his lips moved as if in the act of repeating constantly to himself dot and carry one, and he was absent and distrait to a degree: but it was the extraordinary shape of his head and face, and the marked way in which his features were chiseled out, as if in marble, that

made Miss Clementina give him the sobriquet of "the graven image." Still, notwithstanding all her mother could do, she obstinately and positively refused to fall down and worship him.

"Don't, my dearest Clementina, don't give him that odious name," said the anxious mamma. "I believe he is really attached to you, child."

"Attached to *me*!" interrupted Clementina, "why, he's not even attached to the embassy!"

"Tant pis," said the mamma, "mais tout cela viendra; and if he should once hear that you have laughed at him, he will never forget or forgive the affront."

"Upon my honour and credit," said Fitz-Waterton, coming up, "we have had a dusty drive, Miss Clementina. If we were in England, I should be afraid of being prosecuted for carrying dust off the road without leave of the surveyors, for I am sure I have a peck and more about my clothes; I have, indeed, on my honour and credit."

"You have indeed, poor creature," said Miss Barbara, hitting him some smart pats over the shoulders, as if to disembarass him of some of the white powder with which his garments were covered.

"Barbara, my dear," said her mother, "lend me your smelling-bottle."

Barbara was obliged to desist, and looking

round, saw the pole-cat approaching the side of her mother. Dinner, which was to have been sent in a cart from Naples, was announced for five o'clock ; and in the meantime, the parties separated and wandered about over the mossy turf, in the various interesting environs of that beautiful spot. A considerable detachment mounted the rock which hangs over the ruin, and on which Dædalus is fabled to have alighted after his flight from Crete ; and much fun was excited, by Mr. Toe Barlow being made by Miss Scraggs, to throw himself into the attitude of the aëronaut, just poising on his right foot, and flapping his tired wings. A cavern was soon discovered in the vicinity, and, contrary to all historical record, was unanimously declared by the party, to be the cave of the Cumæan Sybil ; and Miss Barbara was put into the mouth of it to tell the fortunes of the rest of the company.

Presently, all drew off towards the place appointed for dinner. Lord Carmansdale, who had been nearly in constant attendance on the Principessa di Collini, was still talking to her on the subject of Lord and Lady Clanelly, as the party approached. The little princess had received a letter from her friend, who was arrived in England, and appeared to write in more miserable spirits than ever. She described Clanelly's treatment of her as

brutal in the extreme, wished herself a thousand times back again in her own dear Italy, and in her friend's embrace; and besought her not to forget the promise she had so solemnly made her, that she would always be ready to lend her succour on any emergency in which it might be seriously required. This the principessa promised willingly to do; and as her own marriage with the Marquis de Pisatelli was shortly impending, it was more probable that she should be able to render solid assistance to her friend, than had she continued single; but it was agreed, that they were first to travel after their marriage, and consequently, it was very uncertain where the princess would be most likely to be found.

Still the dinner did not arrive; the time appointed had been gone by this hour and a half, and the provision cart was not come. Mrs. Scraggs was almost in tears of despair. The pole-cat looked hungry. The graven image, who was making love to Miss Clementina, all the while seemed to be thinking of his dinner, as also did Toe Barlow, who was rendering himself as agreeable as he could to Mullingham and Grainger, by recounting all the histories and scandals of the place, at which they were soon au fait.

On a sudden, Mrs. Scraggs exclaimed, "Where's my dear Barbara?" "Where's Mr. Fitz-Waterton?" simultaneously screamed Miss Clementina. Par-

ties of search were immediately dispatched in all directions to find the lost couple. Every corner was turned, every nook penetrated: they were shouted to, and no answer was received; when suddenly, as George Grainger was passing the mouth of the sybil's cavern, he discovered the lost pair issuing together from the recess, and "*comme tu m'as chiffonnée!*" was pronounced by Miss Barbara, before she was aware of the presence of a third person. A good laugh by the whole company was the consequence, and many jokes were made by the Kilkenny cat, who asserted on his honour and credit, that she was only telling his fortune.

At last the dinner, such as it was, arrived: it was intended to be cold, but it had been warmed by the sun. The jellies were melted; the patties had been jolted into disruption by the motion of the cart; every thing was spoiled; knives and forks were deficient; spoons were at a premium; but appetites were a drug in the market, and people contrived to satisfy their hunger.

On the return home at night, Miss Barbara was severely scolded by her mother for the scene of the sybil's cave.

"Oh, mamma," said Barbara, "there is no harm, I do assure you, in Higgins Fitz-Waterton, he is nothing but a good-natured innocent rattle."

"A rattle he certainly is, my dear," was her

mother's answer; "I am only afraid he may prove to be a *rattle-snake*."

Grainger and Mullingham drove home in the carriage of Lord Carmansdale, and were much amused at the retrospect of the day's entertainment. A dreadfully malicious plan was hit upon by these two young men, (of course originally the invention of Grainger,) for the purpose of forwarding the love-affairs of Miss Clementina and Miss Barbara Scraggs. Notes were written in the name of Miss Clementina to the graven image, and of Miss Barbara to the Kilkenny cat, making a thousand apologies on the part of their mamma, for the badness of the dinner, and the want of conveniences at the party at Cumæ, and begging them to come and dine, by way of compensation, on the following Monday at Mrs. Scraggs's house, at seven o'clock. Great astonishment, as well as trepidation, was caused to the economical and honourable Mrs. Scraggs, at the receipt of the two answers, which accepted the invitation for Monday with a great deal of empressement, but deprecated the idea of having found the last dinner so bad; and assured Mrs. Scraggs, that there was really no such great cause for complaining of the want of knives and forks. Poor Mrs. Scraggs was aghast; her last party had then been a failure, and she had thought it had gone off so well; and

now she was put to the expence of giving another, and, worst of all, obliged to ask that beggarly, penniless, Fitz-Waterton.

Poor Mrs. Scraggs ! she had just discrimination enough to omit the two suspected young gentlemen, Grainger and Mullingham, in sending out her new invitations, and they smiled at the omission, and kept the secret to themselves. Only Lord Carmansdale was privately put up to the hoax, who laughed more than he had laughed for years ; and who, when Mrs. Scraggs spoke to him afterwards on the subject, and hinted where her suspicions had fallen, expressed the liveliest indignation, and, as he rapped the lid of his oriental snuffbox, said, with the characteristic falsity of a real diplomate, that Mullingham and Grainger were two wicked and unprincipled young men. Meanwhile, Mullingham broke the seal of the letter which had been given him at the embassy from Fletcher, and read as follows :

LETTER FROM LORD FLETCHER TO LORD
ARTHUR MULLINGHAM.

“ DEAR MULLINGHAM,

You write to me for the news of Paris, and yet I believe, if I were in the great desert of Sahara, or in the plains of Tartary, I should have more occur-

rences to describe than in this metropolis. Every body is either returned to England for the London winter, or gone into the country. There are dépôts, I understand, at Montmorency, and St. Germain, and Fontainebleau; but there are positively no English left in the town, and the grass is growing in the Rue de la Paix, and in a few weeks they will be making hay in the Place Vendôme. I have literally not dined out for a month, and if it were not for the Club in the Rue de Grammont, I should perish, for no one asks me but the old dowager, Mrs. Macrubber, who continues to drive about her two old horses, which my sister Fanny christened Souffrance and Misère; and you know she is not famous for giving a good dinner, or as our American friend, the Duke of New York, calls it, "a tall feed." My servant James, who used to live with her, said the very mice used to sit in her cupboards with tears in their eyes, and that the spiders made cobwebs between the teeth of all the people in her servants' hall. Then as to girls in society, there is only the Comtesse de Fauteuil's daughter, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, who was celebrated last winter for having the ugliest nose in Paris, and who is now waiting here to be married in a few days. A malicious wit, being asked why she accepted her intended, answered, "parcequ'elle a tellement envie de

se faire faire un nouveau nez—(un nouveau né)—vous comprenez, mon cher, n'est ce pas?" Then there is that great gens-d'armes grenadier-looking Dutch doll, Mademoiselle Vandersteg, who would be still more like wax-work than she is, if there were any possibility of melting her; but she is as cold as she is long, as Grainger once told her, which, considering she is above six feet high, is saying a good deal. "C'est une caraffe d'orgeat," as little Ladversaire once said of her; but that was out of jealousy, because she is a quarter of a yard taller than he is. Carbonell said to her for a wager the other night, "mais, Mademoiselle, comme vous ressemblez à une montagne de glace." I lost my bet to him of five francs, and being *hard up*, as usual, gave him a bill at six months on my father. Being surrounded in society, as you see, by icebergs, you will not wonder if I avoid as much as possible, such dangerous navigation. Instead of searching for North West passages, I am content to anchor in a warm and quiet bay in a more genial climate. Do you remember, my dear fellow, a mysterious mask that followed me at the last Musard's ball that we went to together last Carnival? Eh! bien, it is a great lottery, but for once I have drawn a prize. The story is too long to tell you now. Remember me to Grainger, and God bless you.

“ P. S.—If a courier be coming through Paris, pray send me any new opera, or other music, which may please. You recollect my old fiddling propensities, and she plays and sings à ravir.”

The above letter was soon answered, by a commission to Lord Fletcher, to have a dozen pair of boots made for each of the two compagnons de voyage, by Fitz-Patrick ; and in the meantime, it being too late for Italy, and Grainger, whose chief study it was to be well chaussé, having heard a high character of Schmidt's boots at Vienna, they both started for Austria with this important object in view.

CHAPTER XI.

THE affair with the mysterious mask, alluded to by Lord Fletcher at the end of his letter to Mullingham, is a subject far too important in its consequences, and bears much too directly on the subsequent details of our history, to be passed over without further notice. We must consequently beg the patience and attention of our readers, while we recapitulate some of the incidents of the last carnival at Paris.

It was at one of the bals de l'opéra that Lord Fletcher was strolling about in the grand salon, and wondering what inducement could be strong enough to induce the young and the beautiful to hide with masks and dominos what they had so much reason to be proud to display, when he was accosted in very tolerable English, very prettily spoken, by a tall and well made figure, who appeared so much more studious of concealment even than the rest of the company present, that the eye-holes of the mask

were filled at the corners with glass, and nothing was visible but the jet-black pupil, which glared seductively through at the centre. The address of the masked lady was fascinating in the extreme, and her manners were such as to show that she was no stranger to the most brilliant circles of society. Indeed, the degree to which she intrigued Lord Fletcher, by mentioning different parties where she had met him, and even repeating parts of conversations in which he distinctly remembered having borne a share in some of the very first houses in Paris, rendered him so furiously intent on discovering who was his tormentress, that he resolved in every case and at all risks to follow her home to her residence. Accordingly, notwithstanding her injunctions, and even a promise which she extorted from him to the contrary, probably with a secret wish that it might be broken, he followed her as she descended the staircase, and was scarcely surprised to find a servant in livery, together with a *bonne*, awaiting her at the bottom. The servant conducted her quietly round a corner of the street, where a carriage was standing, hidden by a projection of the wall, and Lord Fletcher had only time to glance at the beauty of the horses and harness, and to see half distinctly something like a coronet on the pannel, when the vehicle was put in motion, and disappeared

with a celerity which had almost defeated his un-matured plans of pursuit. His first instinctive motion was to jump into a cabriolet, and drive in the same direction till he fortunately overtook the object of his chase; but it was not till after a long journey, and many turnings and windings, which made him distrust the security of his dependance on a hired cab-horse, that he ultimately succeeded in ascertaining the street and the number where his "flying nymph" (*nympharum fugientûm amator*) was to be found.

The next morning found him still faithful and persevering in his search; but it was an enormous hôtel in the Rue de l'Université, Fauxbourg St. Germain, and the number of different inhabitants was a new source of embarrassment. The concierge refused sulkily to give any information, and was even inaccessible (thing unknown at Paris) to a bribe. He had no clue to the name of the lady; he wandered up and down a labyrinth of staircases, and even ventured to ring at more than one bell; but still no success responded to his endeavours, and he was obliged to return home in despair, for the directory at Paris is not so convenient as that of London, in giving the names of all the inhabitants in connexion with the numbers of the streets. Our Orlando Inamorato, however, was not long destined to suffer the tortures of suspense.

The following morning brought him, while he was yet in bed, a *bonne* and a *billet-doux*, which he tore eagerly open, and read as follows. The paper was pink, and perfumed with the most delicate odour: it was what they call the *sultan paper*; a singular misnomer, if what the *vender* vaunts in his advertisement is true, that the secret of imparting to it its imperishable smell, was imported by him from Algiers after the taking of that place by the French. The seal was a Persian kneeling to the sun, and "*J'adore ce que me brûle*" upon it. The hand-writing was exquisitely neat and pretty, and besides the *spirituel* turn of the phrases, the absence of all bad spelling, a fault from which French women are not always exempt, indicated beyond further doubt the *bon genre* and *comme il faut* position of his correspondent. The *bonne*, however, had no sooner delivered the letter into his hand, than she left him to its perusal in solitude. He was not long in reading the following lines:

"Vous me cherchez, me dit-on: vous avez tort. Que pourriez-vous faire de moi? Rien absolument, je vous assure. Une sorte d'instinct, d'attrait, m'a portée vers vous. J'ai eu tort de ne pas y résister. Je m'en repens aujourd'hui. Mais il n'est plus temps, et toute la douleur est pour moi! Vous ne

me connaissez pas. C'est après un être fantastique que vous courez. Je veux vous ôter toute illusion, et tout regret. Je suis *laide—fort laide*; il faut du courage pour lever son masque, et se montrer telle que l'on est. Vous voyez j'ai ce courage.—Sachez m'en gré, et plaignez moi !

“ OLYMPE.”

“ ‘ Et plaignez moi ’ ”—repeated Lord Fletcher many times to himself, as he read and re-read the invitingly dissuasive document—“ ‘ pity her ! ’ Well did the poet sing then, that ‘ Pity is akin to love. ’ ”

If it may appear to some of our readers a strange fact that any lady should run so great a risk as to reply thus readily to the visit of almost a stranger, it will probably seem but a slight palliation of such frailty to remind them that Lord Fletcher was generally known at Paris, as the eldest son and heir of Lord Furstenroy; that his visits of search at the hôtel had been made in his own cabriolet, with his livery groom, and a magnificent cab-horse; and that even, as far as personal appearance went, he was decidedly a *joli garçon*, and a well-dressed young man. These considerations will hereafter, perhaps, serve rather to throw light upon the character of Olympe, than in any way to excuse her conduct.

There is something in mystery which is particularly favourable to the growth and promotion of the tender passion. The man in the iron mask, or the veiled prophet of Khorassan might have borne the bell as to success in society from the best featured men about town; for *omne ignotum pro magnifico est*, and par consequence, our juvenile adventurer was determined not to believe in the soi-disant ugliness of his correspondent. Still he was as far as ever from arriving at the end of his search; between him and the lady there was still a great gulf fixed, which seemed as wide as ever. He began to despair; when one morning, in turning the angle of a street, he stumbled upon, and instantly recognized the servant in livery, whom he had seen on the eventful evening mount behind the carriage of his enchantress. Under the covert of a portecochère a bargain was immediately struck. The name and address of the lady were sold for the sum of twenty francs, and Fletcher thought, as he put the napoleon into the hand of the cockaded Judas, that he was on the high road to bliss. Nevertheless he still wanted courage sufficient to carry the castle by a coup de main, and knock abruptly at the door. He accordingly returned directly home, and wrote a most respectful yet earnest supplication that he might be permitted to pay a visit on the following day.

The paper which brought him a speedy reply was now no longer in disguise: it was emblazoned selon les règles with the arms of the family, and bore the countess's coronet on the seal. The contents were no longer so very pressing in their nature as on the first occasion, still sufficiently so to keep him more than ever on the rack.

“ Vous ne voulez pas, j'en suis sûre, me faire de la peine, et vous m'en feriez en venant demain chez moi ! Quoique je sois assez libre de mes volontés, je ne le suis pas assez pour vous recevoir comme une connaissance du bal masqué. Voulez vous attendre le bal de Jeudi à l'opéra ? Je vous promets d'y aller, de vous y parler, et là vous regretterez tous les pas, et toutes les démarches que vous avez faites pour me voir. Peut-être serai-je fâchée de vos regrets ; mais je dois m'y attendre, et je m'y sou mets d'avance.”

It is a very odd thing, and one for which I never could find an adequate reason, why women are so fond of scribbling notes, three-cornered, four-cornered, or with no corners at all. A man thinks it the greatest bore in the world to be obliged to write a letter, and never gets beyond the turning over of the second side ; but it appears one of the principal

enjoyments of women to do what to the stronger sex is a trouble; and the fluency with which they pour out epistolary effusions of all kinds, but especially amatory ones, is not less astonishing than it is dangerous.

The inimitable Balzac showed that he understood the sex, when he made Mademoiselle Taillefer, in *Père Goriot*, miserably unhappy and prematurely old, "parcequ'il lui manquait ce que crée une seconde fois la femme, les chiffons, et les billets-doux !" I believe, after all, that the best way of accounting for this female propensity of writing is to ascribe it to the necessity women feel of escaping from ennui, and the desire to employ in some way or other, not too fatiguing, the time which would otherwise hang too heavy on their hands.

Séguir says, perhaps rather charitably than otherwise, of his countrywomen,—"Les femmes sont inconstantes plutôt pour remplir leur temps, que leurs cœurs; elles cherchent des triomphes nouveaux, pour trouver des émotions nouvelles; et l'ennui fait plus des femmes galantes que le vice."

The poor Olympe, for so we shall at present call our adventuress, must certainly have been very ill indeed of the malady of ennui, to draw so largely on the sources of its cure; perhaps she acted on

the principle of *Dicere quæ pudit, scribere jussit amor*.

An intrigue with a French woman is like running a race in a circle. All the while, perhaps, that she is pursuing you, she has the cleverness to make it appear that you are pursuing her. The present letters are an admirable instance of this tact; first beginning with an impetuosity well calculated to throw any man off his guard, and then gradually cooling down to Zero, as the quicksilver of the correspondent rises in the thermometer.

The answer of Lord Fletcher had the much more masculine quality of coming to the point. He briefly assured the lady, but still with all possible politeness, that he must see her at a much more early period than the one proposed, if he was to see her at all, for that he was on the point of leaving Paris. A speedy response was once more received in the same pretty and diminutive hand-writing, and Fletcher did not regret the positive tone of his own letter when he read as follows:—

“ Vous êtes bon et aimable;—je me crois pourtant le droit de vous en vouloir, et je le vous prouverai quand je vous verrai. En attendant vous me saurez grè de la démarche, que vous m’avez fait faire aujourd’hui; elle vous prouvera ma bonne et

franche amitié, et combien je suis dénuée de toute prétention. Vous partez!—Je veux vous voir avant votre départ. Si votre soirée de Mardi est libre, écrivez le moi *tout de suite*, et je vous dirai où vous me trouverez. Dimanche, *minuit*."

There was an immense force of coquetterie in that last word at the foot of the letter—in the word *minuit*. What a world of associations it called up! The thought of the fair unknown having watched till that witching hour in writing to him—the image of her bonnet-de-nuit trimmed with rose-coloured ribands, and the floating ringlets escaping from its sides—the deshable of the dressing-gown—the luxuriant and pliant shape of a fine woman released from the restraint of her daily toilet—all this rose to Lord Fletcher's imagination as he gazed on the magic *minuit* at the bottom of the writing; and he looked down the vista of the future, and pictured to himself how the next letter should be signed "*tout à vous*,"—and then, more delightful still, "*tout à toi*,"—that "*tutoyer*"-ing is so fascinating, so truly the language of love!

The interview took place. Lord Fletcher was drawn into the Maelstrom. Who would not have been so drawn in? He was *énivré* even by the beauty of his heroine, which is not, perhaps, one of

the first qualities that would be to be expected in a lady under a mask. It has been seen that one of Lord Fletcher's "*fortes*," or "*faiblesses*" as it may perhaps be thought by some, was music. He played passably well on two instruments, and indifferently well on four or five others. He was accordingly more delighted than ever at finding in his new acquaintance not only a performer, but a proficient. Sir Derby Doncaster had once said of her at a party by mistake, "that she sung like a *martingale*;" and the very confectioner, who entered the room to arrange the supper as she was finishing one of Schopin's songs, confessed "that she shook like a jelly." Ovid knew the effect of good singing upon the heart, when he laid down as one of his eternal and infallible precepts—

"discant cantare puellæ !

Multis pro formâ vox sua læna fuit."

In la belle Olympe, however, it was by no means vox et præterea nihil ; but the voice and the beauty aided one another in contributing to the general effect, which was irresistible ; and as the listener hung entranced on her execution of "*Arder mai per altra face*" by Pavesi, or the pathos with which she gave some light romance of Louise Puget, he was not less feelingly awake to what Byron has been

perhaps wrongly blamed by some critics for calling "The mind—the *music* breathing from her face."

And thus the thing went on:—who has not felt, who that has felt does not envy, the first hours of a tie of this kind, and their dangerous charm? Fletcher, though young, had happily enough experience of the world not to be led too far astray, and could even write with forced levity upon the subject to Mullingham, and talk about "being anchored in a quiet bay."

With a man however of Fletcher's temperament, even the innate dread of ridicule is sufficient to make him speak less seriously than he feels upon certain subjects and to certain people. But when he found himself alone with the young student Boivin, whose enthusiastic disposition and romantic attachment were more in accordance with his own, then it was that he would give way to all the warmth of his natural feeling on the subject, and rhapsodize for hours together as he sauntered up and down, *bras dessus, bras dessous*, with the young man by the light of the moon on the Boulevards. It is true that Lord Fletcher had been in this affair from its beginning rather the pursued than the pursuer, and even that the lady had conducted herself in a manner which to some might appear indicative of an indelicacy more disenchanting than attractive; yet no-

thing will more show the tact and cleverness with which she imposed her chains, than the pride and pleasure with which her prisoner bore its links. And then common complaisance would dictate to Fletcher that he could not always tax the patience of his friend to listen ; and young Boivin would in his turn recount his own happiness, his hopes, his fears, and his sufferings. He would dwell upon the virtues and the chaste discretion of his own aristocratic mistress, and magnify the slight favours she might have really shown him into substantial proofs of an exclusive and engrossing affection ; and not seldom the ivory miniature was grasped fervently by the right hand, which would wander into his bosom as he spoke, and almost threaten the fracture of the very treasure in the vice-like pressure with which it seized the valued toy. Only this is to be observed, —and nothing, perhaps, is more characteristic of the romantic characters of the two young men,—that however much they imparted to each other of their feelings, a sense of honour prevented them ever from either asking or communicating any further particulars ; and it was singular that these two most intimate friends were both ignorant of the very name of the lady admired by the other.

Nor were politics by any means forgotten between the two young men ;—politics, which had been

the original bond of their union, were still, after their respective loves, the strongest connecting link. Sometimes even the enthusiastic Louis Boivin would assume a desponding tone. "I feel more and more," he would say, "as I advance in years, the absolute necessity of physical energy and strength of constitution to become great. This will never be my lot. I am far too delicate and frail a subject. Half the heroes of the world, in my opinion, have been so by the simple accident of their bodily robustness and animal vigour,—I mean all the vulgar rabble of the Alexanders, and Mariuses, and Zingis-Khans,—all the sword-and-battle-axe people."

"Political greatness," continued Fletcher, "requires, perhaps, even greater exertion still; the mere fag of oratory is destructively fatiguing; and then, all the anxieties, the disappointments, the rivalries! Hence in our country, which up to the present time has presented the best arena from which to select our instances, a Pitt worn out soon after forty—a Fox before he was sixty—a Burke, a Sheridan, a Castlereagh, a Canning, all succumbing—and yet what a brilliant galaxy!—to the necessary fatigues of the posts they had been called upon to occupy."

"Perhaps," said Boivin, "literary fame is the only reasonable path for a man of delicate health to aim at. Your Pope was a crooked little dwarf, yet

see the vigour of his verse ; our own Voltaire was weakly in habit from his youth, yet he became a giant ; and then my favourite Rousseau, and my Shelley, they had scarcely two days of perfectly robust health ; and what a fine and curiously nervous conformation must have been that of the poor sensitive Keats ; ‘ His name was writ upon waters ’ may be the epitaph inscribed upon his tomb, but I would rather be Keats, dead or living, than I would be Alexander the Great : ” and with this sentiment young Boivin would knock at the door of one of those houses which Balzac has described as a “ pension pour les deux sexes et d’autres,” and go to his supper.

CHAPTER XII.

WHENEVER two men are much together, there must be an understanding between them, avowed or tacit, which of the two is to have the upper hand :—there must be the master mind and the inferior one ; and the latter will invariably succumb to the first ; in the beginning from mere weakness of purpose, and afterwards from habit, till the command exercised on one side, and the slavery endured on the other, gradually becomes quite imperceptible to the parties themselves. We suppose the same sort of arrangement must be made in marriage, between husband and wife, which is so necessary between friend and friend. Certain it is, that whenever an intimacy exists without such an amicable mode of managing discrepancies—that is to say, whenever the two characters are of an equal strength, and each assert their independence, there will be nothing but perpetual bickering and quarrels.

Lord Fletcher had too much indolence, and too much of the *bon enfant* in his composition, to trouble

himself about taking the lead in any society into which he might be thrown. Young Boivin, on the contrary, although of a weak and sickly frame, was possessed of great energy of purpose, and a fire which carried every thing before it, when once an object occurred worthy to kindle it into a flame. The consequence was, as might naturally be expected, that Lord Fletcher allowed himself by degrees to become the follower of a man who was on most points infinitely his inferior, and his superior but in very few. Instead of raising Boivin to associate with the companions to whose intercourse he had himself been accustomed, he stooped to mix, on the contrary, with the friends and companions of the young republican; and so deeply did he entangle himself in their net, first from taking an interest in its novelty, and afterwards from the sheer laziness which prevented his exerting himself sufficiently to break off the connexion, that, when he paused at length to look round him, he found himself in a very curious and not very agreeable position.

— Love and republicanism, whether they be really two ignes fatui or not, are very likely to lead young men after them. So attractive do they appear to the eyes of youth, that perhaps the greater half of men of genius have believed in them both at some early period of their career. Alas ! if both indeed are discovered

to be so illusive by the examination of experience, that long ere the grey hairs have silvered men's brows, one after another they become apostates and despair: alas! if disinterested affection be discovered to be a glorious dream, and the remodelling of society to be but a splendid vision: alas! if perseverance in the enthusiastic hope which would believe such noble fruits of human nature be so rare, that Philemon and Baucis, and La Fayette and his republic, are the two only instances on record of such romantic fidelity in old age!

Left alone to his own guidance in Paris, with very little experience, and very few friends to guide him, it is no wonder if Lord Fletcher gave way to his natural bias, and was for a time led into all the bogs and quagmires whither these two jack-o'-lanterns might conduct him. His great love of honesty and candour, and dislike of every species of humbug, was one of the characteristic features of Lord Fletcher's mind, which was likely not at all to advance him in the opinion of a world, the edifice of whose artificial construction is entirely based on conventional lies. Whatever he did, he took no pains to conceal it: whoever were his associates, he was never anxious to appear more or less intimate with one man than another, excepting so far as his own personal preferences or dislikes might dictate. This might have partly risen

from real independence of mind, and partly also from a sort of laissez aller feeling, which his extreme laziness and facility of character led him to indulge ; but its result was at all events such as did him little good in society, and Lord Fletcher found himself in a short time in danger of acquiring the reputation of a man who kept low company. This anathema once passed upon a man is like the brand set upon his brow, and he has plenty of leisure in general to repent of whatever errors he may have committed, and to meditate on the justice of the old saying, "give a dog a bad name and hang him." His musical propensities of course were not forgotten amongst other accusations, as one of the deadly sins of Lord Fletcher ; and many an English papa dissuaded his infant son from buying a three franc fiddle or a penny trumpet in the Champs Elysées, as he thought on the exposure to low company and bad habits induced by musical acquaintances, and quoted Lord Fletcher as a warning. Now it has often occurred to us when we have heard this objection brought against musical amateurship, that it is one very easy to make and very difficult to prove. It is true that after a quartett party there is generally a supper, and that the supper is partaken of in common by professional men :—is this what is meant by low company ? If so, it is an objection which music shares together with almost every other

amusement. The players in a cricket club and the hired rowers in a boat are generally men of a much lower stamp. If you are a horse-racer, you must be friends with your trainer: if you shoot, you walk about the whole day with your keeper: if you fence or box, your master must at any rate be allowed a degree of latitude and freedom during the lesson. Thus it cannot be the circumstance of being thrown into the temporary society of professional people which constitutes the objection; and besides, there are gentlemen in the musical profession whose intercourse might be cultivated to advantage by any one; and the great artists of the canvas are not superior either in delicacy of taste, fastidiousness of expression, or elevation of sentiment, to their brethren of the melodious muse. Again, if it be argued that after the supper comes the too convivial song; and that, to sweeten the song, the punch, and wine, and cigar must circulate; we reply, that debauches of this sort are no more necessary, and no more probable at a supper of musical performers than of any other men, and that fiddling and fuddling have no closer connexion than the casual similarity of sound. It is true that there is an old proverb which says "as drunk as a fiddler," but it has at least its parallel in another, which says "as drunk as a lord;" so that if drunkenness were indeed a characteristic of violinists, it would

seem to be rather an aristocratic distinction than otherwise. The fact is rather that drunken society must be always low society, whether of lords or fiddlers ; and it is drunkenness that is the principal feature of English low company, as contrasted with other nations. The "gamins de Paris" have their debaucheries also, but they are of another kind. Disguising themselves as a matelot or a postillion, and going about with their chère amie to masked balls or dances, in the Champs Elysées, in the summer time, are the much more comparatively harmless excesses of young Frenchmen. Happy for them if they have the sense to restrain the slang fashion for imitating the English, which is growing up among their young men of the present day !

With regard to women, to treat the thing as a question of taste, without reference to morals,—there are certain conventionalities, by the strict observance of which a young man may persuade the kind world to shut its eyes, or at least to view with lenience his errors. "C'est plus fort que moi," as Lady E. said in reply to her brother's expostulations ; and there may be perhaps something pardonable in such passion, even from its uncontrollable excess. But there is no palliative excuse for a "tendresse" for a pewter-pot. A man's frailty can scarcely be called an amiable weakness, when the "bottle's the mistress

he means." Directly a young man is once known to have been beastly drunk, his acquaintances may deservedly begin to say of him, "So-and-so is getting into low company."

Another important distinction to be observed with regard to associates is, that all men in a lower station of life are by no means to be regarded necessarily as low society. On the contrary, a chemist may be chosen as a friend for his chemistry, —a florist for his botany,—an optician for his mathematics; and this will be some of the best society a man can keep: but directly the aristocratical friend enlarges the circle of his kindness to the acquaintances of his chymical, or botanical, or mathematical companion, and is seen about with men who are his inferiors in birth, without having any compensating talent, or educational advantage to make up the account, so surely will he himself, and with justice, be looked down upon by those who are born his own equals in rank and position. Here was the origin of Lord Fletcher's mistake.

Attached himself to the liberal principles he had embraced from a firm conviction of their truth, and loving young Boivin from his heart, because he recognized in him a similar enthusiasm, and an equal integrity with his own, he had been willing to think, from the favourableness of the first specimen

he had encountered, that all republicans were made of similar stuff. Consequently, he had thrown himself without further thought into their arms, which were ready to receive him ; and now scarcely a day passed, without some soi disant victim of oppression, who was hunted out of Paris by the police, and yet could get no passport to go away with, coming to him, to request him to get an English pass made out, as if for one of his own servants ; or else some idle profligate, who made the loudest declamations at the société des droits de l'homme, writing to him for the loan of a hundred francs for some nameless purpose, which was infinitely to advance the general objects of their cause. At first he gave in to all these trifling requests ; and sincere himself, could not believe, and did not even suspect, that he was being imposed upon. Nevertheless, taste, which is generally more sensitive, and more finely susceptible, than reason, began to take the alarm ; and though he still had an equally firm faith in the doctrines which he continued to espouse, he felt himself often offended by the abrupt manners, and uncereemonious intrusions, of his new citoyen-protégés. This dawning dislike was more than ever confirmed one morning, by a visit which he received from a rough and ready, hectoring, bullying, swaggering sort of fellow, whom

from good nature, or inadvertence, or over-politeness, he had invited to dine with him the previous day, having met him in company with Boivin, and not wishing to omit him from the party, as Boivin had presented him as a "staunch republican, and as virtuous as a Brutus."

The dinner luckily passed by quietly enough, but the following morning early, before Fletcher had risen from his bed, he was surprised by his servant announcing a visit from the same gentleman, whom we shall denominate as Monsieur Brutus Sans-argent; and, before he could decide whether to have him admitted or no, that individual himself, who had followed close upon the valet's heels, marched up to the side of the bed, and drawing back the curtains, held out his hand to salute him.

Lord Fletcher, who had sufficient of high-bred blood in him to repress intrusion, when he perceived that it had gone too far, did not give his hand as expected, which coldness, however, on his part, did not appear in the least to discourage his visitor. On the contrary, he seemed overflowing with animal spirits, and *gaiété du cœur*, and went to the foot of the bed, laying hold of the clothes, and threatening Fletcher that he would pull him out on the floor, feather-bed and all, if he did not get up and dress himself. This being also very drily received by

Fletcher, at last his visitor gave a cough or two, as if to clear his throat, and having taken a few strides up and down the room, with his hands in the empty pockets of his very full blue trousers, exclaimed ; “ ah ! mon cher—j’ avais presqu’ oublié quelque chose—ou est ce que nous allons diner aujourd’hui ? ” The *nous* in this sentence was beautiful ; it made even Lord Fletcher, angry as he was, smile. He began to wonder within himself, why he allowed such liberties, and how he ever came to expose himself to them. Perhaps, if he had known his own character well enough, he might have found, that vanity was after all, in a great measure, the key to the false step he had taken ; and in nine cases out of ten, it will be so with all men who frequent society below them. It is sweet to play Triton among the minnows. Vanity is flattered by being made the great man, and being courted and fêted, and looked up to by the crowd, without waiting to consider what the value of its opinions may be. Fletcher’s letters from Northamptonshire also, from his sisters, the ladies Bazancourt, who had heard of his Parisian proceedings, and from his father, who, by the most potent of all arguments, threatened to stop the supplies, if he heard any more of his frequenting republican clubs, helped to awaken him about this time, to a sense of the dangerous position he was occupying.

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"Do you know," said he to Boivin, as they took one evening their customary stroll, arm in arm, upon the Boulevards, "do you know, I am often staggered as to the honesty and sincerity of men's opinions; not of yours, for I know you well enough to appreciate you thoroughly, but of other men's; of those, for instance, that we see about us in our club."

"I don't know how I am to understand you," said Boivin; "to compliment me at the expense of my personal friends, is a mode of civility which I should be more inclined to decline than to accept."

"I don't allude to your friends in particular," replied Fletcher; "I believe human nature is to blame; and I fear that the poet's line, in which he satirizes the man,

Who foam'd a patriot to subside a peer,

is but too applicable to the great majority of those, who are always clamouring the loudest for equality of rights and agrarian laws. Oh! how sick it makes me to see the paltry, pitiable motives, the vile meanesses, the abject springs which actuate the movements of mankind. To hear the American leveller calling his black servant a low born knave; to read of a Cromwell, anxiously impressing on his courtiers the illustriousness of his family descent; to find

the triumvir Danton, writing his own name thus, D'Anton, with an apostrophe, as if to assert the aristocratic position of his birth; to witness Napoleon himself, whose grandeur existed but in himself and his own deeds, stooping to surround himself with all the paltry pageants of a court, and wooing, as a favour, the alliance of the daughter of a royal stem; to see Kean, the actor, preferring to be considered the bastard of a duke, to being respected as the son of a virtuous mother; to see that mother perhaps herself, and with what crowds of others to countenance her, choosing rather to be a rich man's mistress than a poor man's wife! My dear Boivin, give me your hand, I am not well; when I think upon all these things, I begin to despair: I begin to feel like Mephistophiles, and mock at mankind; all my best feelings seem to be crushed and withered up within me; good night;" and so saying, he walked away towards home. On entering his apartment, he was surprised to find a lady's reticule and parasol upon the table, and on opening the door of his inner room, "*dépêche toi donc—je t' attends il y a une demi-heure,*" sounded like a knell in his ear. He was not in the humour for such a visit. The voice seemed something like that of the masked lady; but we will not intrude.

CHAPTER XIII.

POOR Louis Boivin, whose state of health, when we first introduced him to our readers, was, as will be remembered, extremely delicate, allowed himself not even reasonable rest from the varied pursuits which at present occupied him. He had never ceased to dedicate a considerable portion of his time and labour to his original destination for the medical profession, and now that his hours were much engrossed by other employments, he supplied the deficient moments from his sleep. As he advanced in his science of healing, he visibly approached nearer to the grave; and he might have reminded his friends of the enthusiast Paracelsus, dying at the age of five and twenty, just as he had discovered the secret of interminably prolonging human life. All the plans to which Boivin was privy, and of which, indeed, he was one of the chief projectors, for casting the whole frame of civil society in a different mould, and regenerating the world, had not been

communicated even to his faithful Pylades, Lord Fletcher. He considered the young nobleman as too much of a novice, and also, notwithstanding all his apparent condescensions and sacrifices, could not help looking on him still with some little admixture of jealousy and suspicion, from the simple circumstance of his having been born an aristocrat. Consequently there were many republican clubs which Boivin frequented, to which Lord Fletcher had not been admitted as a member, and of whose existence even he was ignorant. There were many "secrets of the prison-house," and free-masonries, and hidden machineries, into which he was not initiated; but Boivin dedicated himself to these mysteries heart and soul, and the quicker he found the beating of his pulse, and the deeper the cough which preyed upon his chest, the more he repeated to himself—"My time is short—my doom is fixed—my sun is speeding to the west—I must make the most of my little day."

And there was a third subject still, as we have already seen, which influenced still more perhaps the blood, and excited the brain, of the delicately nerved young man—this was the ill-defined and anomalous connection which he continued to keep up with a woman, who, whatever her personal attractions or merits of character might be, was at least in

birth and station hopelessly his superior. Thus it was, that in all his pursuits, in each of the paths which he had himself chosen to follow, he was perpetually grasping at an impossible end. In his profession he was equally a theorist and a speculator, a seeker of universal medicines, and an experimentalist for unattainable results, as he was in politics a believer in the perfectibility of our species, and the ultimate establishment of a republic which should embrace the world; and in love—even there, too, in that most practical of all the sciences, in that most positive and palpable of all the arts—even there he had built up for himself a castle in the air, which seemed destined to fall upon his own head, and crush him. Impatient, however, and ardent in his nature, as he was wild and fanciful in his conceptions, he determined to make one resolute effort for the possession of his idol—and with his views very ill-defined as to the means, but intently directed on the end he had proposed to himself, having first written to inform her of his intention, he paid a visit to the Comtesse de Hauteville, as the object of his love was named, in the precincts of her own hôtel.

Poor Boivin's attire, at the time of his coming to this important resolution, was not, certainly, such as inspires respect into serving-men and serving-women, who are ever swayed more by the sight of a watch

like a warming-pan, a gold chain like a cable, and seals as big as anchors, which they consider the criterion of respectability, than by the most polished address and courteous manner, proceeding from one who seems to be a poor man. It was, on the contrary, the ease and affability of Boivin's address, which had entirely won him the favour of his two noble acquaintances, Lord Fletcher and the lady at whose door he stood. Insensible to this, however, the concierge regarded, on the present occasion, only the costume in which he presented himself, and at first rudely refused him admission. His face, which was distinguished only by the very remarkable suavity and gentleness of its expression, displayed what has been considered one of the marks of republicanism at Paris—I know not whether correctly—a shorn upper lip, together with a large and long black tuft, or imperial, and a profusion of hair allowed to grow beneath the chin. His hat, which was high in the crown, was unbrushed—stamp of the Rue St. Denis—for remember, readers, who may be uninformed upon the subject, that an old hat well-brushed always presents a more *comme il faut* appearance than a new hat where the labours of the brush are absent; and moreover, there was a large slit gaping in the rim. His old shoe-strings had been broken, and tied in repeated knots, and the

shoes, which were made with four holes, had lost their tongues, so that the dirty stocking shewed through in dingy whiteness at the centre. The rest of his dress had nothing, perhaps, strikingly remarkable, but there was a general want of harmony, and a sort of Monmouth-street-fit appearance about it; and, as the concierge asked for his card to carry to the Comtesse, he was evidently much embarrassed at the fact of his having no card-case in his pocket. At length, however, when every difficulty had been surmounted, and the porter had succeeded with difficulty in making him wipe his shoes carefully upon the door-mat, our juvenile protégé mounted with a beating heart, and a trembling step, to the apartment of the lady herself.

It would be tedious here—although the reader has, perhaps, in some measure, a right to expect it—to recapitulate the manner in which Boivin's acquaintance with the Comtesse de Hauteville at first sprang up. Herself the daughter of one of the old *maréchals* of the empire, she had been married, when very young, to a young Count, to whom his father's title, also one of the imperial nobility, had been continued. After living with him but a short time, circumstances arose to induce a separation, and the lady, although more than suspected of making herself agreeable to her male friends in the most liberal

sense of the expression, continued to visit, and to be well received, together with numberless others similarly situated, in that circle of French society which used at one time to comprise the great beauties and great heroes of the empire. As the society in these houses is extremely mixed, and young artists and men of talent, and even occasionally adventurers, who have little or nothing to recommend them, find there an easy access, Boivin had not found it difficult to procure an introduction at one of these hôtels, where the Comtesse de Hauteville was in the habit of frequently repairing: and once having met her, it is not, perhaps, wonderful that every Monday night, the evening of reception in that house, found him the most regular of visitors, and he was not unfrequently rewarded by a smile, a sentence, a regard, or even the honour of setting down the lemonade glass of his adored beauty. The imagination will supply easily the rest—the progress made from meeting her elsewhere, to obtaining permission to visit her “chez elle”—the facility with which the young and ardent student construed her tolerating good-nature into especial marks of distinguishing favour—and, in short, all the rapid strides which only the seven-league boots of love could make, from the first interview to the present decisive rendezvous. Ushered by the footman into the salon, and desired to wait,

Boivin presently perceived that he had been prematurely punctual in observing the hour of his appointment, and he felt aware that the coiffeur was employed in the adjoining room, and he fancied he smelt the smell of the irons—one moment sooner, and he might have surprised his beauty perhaps “*en papillotes*.” He had in the meantime ample leisure to survey the furniture and general appearance of the apartments. His eye, of course, saw nothing to disapprove of, and much to admire; but a more experienced and more fastidious taste might perhaps have discovered a much too glaring and meretricious style about most of the *meubles*. Dowbiggen would not have supplied from Mount-street those rose-coloured curtains, through which the rays of the sun flung such a radiant glow around the room. The bust of Napoleon, which, independently of the Comtesse’s imperial connections, might have well asserted its priority of claim from the classic grandeur of the head, so beautifully adapted to sculpture, had been superseded on the mantel-piece by those of Louis dix-huit and Charles dix:—it was not a singular instance of the bad taste of the imperialist party in affecting Carlism. The sofa, which was intended to harmonize with the curtains, not only was of *couleur-de-rose*, but literally blossomed with roses, which were traced upon it in every variety of pattern. The

piano was open, and on the desk was an English song with the following words pencilled on the fly-leaf, "de la part de son ami Anglais F——," and Boivin read the well-known stanza of a song of Moore:—

Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lip his true archery wings:
And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.

He was still a little jealous, and a little piqued, at finding the cadeau of apparently another admirer open on the piano, when the inner door opened, and the lady herself entered, arrayed in a white robe and a gold ceinture, which seemed to eclipse at once the lilies of the valley, and the glories of Solomon.

With the instant tact of a Frenchwoman, she took the song in question from his hand, and throwing it carelessly aside on the instrument, exclaimed; "*comme ils sont bêtes—ces Anglais!—on vient de m'apporter cette chanson là—c'est un vrai cauchemar—une horreur;—eh! bien—et comment ça vous va, mon ami? vous avez très bonne mien aujourd'hui.*" This bewitching address effectually put out of Louis Boivin's head any enquiries he might have intended to institute, or any remonstrances he might have wished to make.

The coquetry of a French woman is something

utterly incomprehensible : the universality of their desire to please ; the pains they take to subjugate even those who are unworthy of being made their slaves ; the temper, in which they might well sit down with Alexander, after a season of conquests, and wish for fresh worlds to subdue. Why the fair Comtesse de Hauteville (for she was certainly pretty, and, to those who love the big blonde and blue-eye beauty, beautiful,) took the trouble to even permit the advances of Boivin, we cannot conjecture. Whether she was simply captivated by his talents, and fascinated by his conversation ; whether she had destined him, in the expected event of her husband's decease, to be made his convenient successor ; whether, as more wicked readers will imagine, she had wished to admit him to all the rights and privileges of a husband, without conceding him the name ; or whether she had no definite views herself on the subject, and nothing further than a vague sort of preference, we will not now stop to enquire.

Boivin, who, like the Ephesians, made Diana his standard of divinity, believed so implicitly in the vestal virtue of his goddess, that he did not even stop to canvass any of the questions we have hazarded above ; but, placing himself timidly on one of the rose-coloured chairs on the opposite side of the room to that occupied by the comtesse, he began

the following conversation :—be it remembered, that the republican student was so sensitively alive to the humble position of his own birth, and the contrast it afforded to that of the comtesse, that the idea pervaded all his reasonings, and jaundiced all the views he took of her conduct.

“ Much as I have longed for this interview, and earnestly as I requested you to concede it to me, now that I find myself placed vis-à-vis to you, and you are kind enough to listen to all I have to say, I find nothing to tell you but what I have told you so many hundred times before—that I love you;—that I love you hopelessly, it is true;—do not think me presumptuous or foolish,—but still that I love you to distraction.”

“ Well,” replied the comtesse, “ you must recollect all the civil revolutions that you promised me to accomplish first: that the republic was to be restored, or the convention re-established, or perhaps Napoleon raked up out of his lead coffin at St. Helena, and re-placed upon the throne; which was it? I thought I was not to come in for my share of your history of the Immortal Republic, till all this had been accomplished, and that then I was to play Josephine to your Bonaparte: was not it so?”

“ Do not laugh at me,” replied Boivin: “ I cannot bear that; reject me, refuse me, do anything but

ridicule me; for, indeed, I cannot help loving you, although I know and feel that it is perfect folly. It is far too aspiring in me, you are far too high above me. I remember reading somewhere, I think my favourite Rousseau quotes it from Plutarch, or some other author, that Cleopatra was so irresistibly beautiful, that many men, for the sake of being her lovers for one single night, accepted gladly the conditions she imposed upon them, of having their heads cut off the following morning. You are like that queen of Egypt to me!"

"I thank you for your compliment," replied Madame de Hauteville: "since, being no queen, I cannot assure myself of so effectual a way of making men hold their tongues, as by chopping their heads off, I think it much better not to incur the danger of their indiscretion."

"Alas!" sighed the unhappy Boivin; "I knew that it must be so; I ought to be better prepared for this. Can I expect that you should look otherwise than with scorn and aversion upon a poor friendless, nameless student, who has nothing to depend on but the future and himself? Could I hope that you would for me give up the pomp and pride of life; tear off that golden girdle, and renounce the jewelled blazonry of rank? Could I dream, idiot that I was, that the prestige of power, the unsub-

stantial honours of a sounding title, and the gewgaw of a coronet, had so little hold upon a woman's heart, that love could be weighed against them for one moment in the balance? And yet I have loved you well: do you remember one night allowing me to pick up for you a violet which you dropped? that violet has been preserved as religiously as though it were the ark of the covenant. Do you remember writing me a note, in answer to one of mine, in which, however, you refused me the interview I desired? that writing remains like a holy thing in my desk, and no sun sets, and no morning dawns, without my pressing it devoutly to my lips; and here"—— The young man inserted his hand in his bosom, and drew out the miniature, which certainly resembled the comtesse, and might be even called a flattering likeness: "and here," continued he, "is another pledge of my attachment, and proof of my passion, executed indeed in a manner unworthy its object, and almost profanation; but still I have loved to feast my eyes upon it before they closed in slumber, and to pore on it in the daytime in my hours of solitude: but you scorn me! be it so: you disdain my poor, low, base, plebeian blood!—it is well: is this not enough to arm men's hands against the falsely great; to encourage them to sweep away, as in a whirlwind, all the privileges and

distinctions that used to constitute a claim to our respect, till the beauty of the edifice was defaced by pride? Was it not pride that brought down Lucifer? And are there no other devils like him,—like him in his folly,—and doomed to be like him in his fall? No fault is yours; I blame not you; I honour and respect you; I adore you to madness. It is the fault of a whole system; it is the fault of centuries of mistake: the world has been asleep too long, and we will wake it; and then, when the crash of altars and thrones shall thunder over our heads, and all that is pomp, and all that is pride, shall be shivered in the storm, I will come and bear you to the ark of the chosen, which shall float secure amid the waters of destruction; and it shall be our fairy work to re-construct a new world of beauty, and love, and peace, and justice, out of the chaos of the things that are gone!”

So saying, the enthusiast rose to depart. He left the presence of his adored enchantress without even bidding her farewell. He was not less convinced of her virtues, of her purity, chastity, innocent-mindedness, and simplicity, than before: he worshipped them all in the frenzy of his idolatry; but he was maddened by the thought, entirely originating in his own fault, that she had rejected him. She was left under the impression that he was a

madman ; that his intellect must be disordered ; that she should have been doing a kindness to him, and her duty to society, in having placed him under confinement : and as to him, it was not till he had returned home to his little room in the Rue St. Denis, placed his foot on the fender, and his elbows on his knees, and begun to meditate on the cause of his failure, that he recollected that he had not even made any proposition to the comtesse. So full was he of the anticipation of his own rejection, that he had not even put a single definite question to her, to which she could have given the categorical answer, yes, or no.

CHAPTER XIV.

YOUNG BOIVIN now plunged deeper than ever into the gulf of revolution : he fancied himself wronged and made a victim by the existence of aristocratical distinctions, and if he had before a scruple, the shipwreck of his love would now have been sufficient to remove it. He now went more resolutely to work than ever. A small printing-press was purchased, in a great measure by the assistance of Lord Fletcher's funds, and he applied himself to taking off numerous impressions of sundry little seditious placards, which he took care to distribute industriously among the people. At other times the documents assumed a denunciatory form, and startled the Thuilleries at the boldness with which they were found to have been affichés during the night upon the very walls of the palace. An illicit manufactory of gunpowder was at the same time established secretly in the lodgings of Brutus Sansargent, who worked readily in preparing the implements of destruction :—but it was Boivin

whose chemical skill was required for weighing out the saltpetre and other ingredients in their legitimate proportions, and directing the mode of preparing and combining them for use. The pains he took at the same time to be informed, as he said, of all the movements of the enemy, were remarkable, and he had his spies out in every direction, to be ready against any attempts of the police. Every evening, on returning home, he penned a long article, with all his characteristic talent, to be inserted in the *Populaire* or the *National*, and calling on his countrymen loudly to rise against the injustice of the upper ranks. To an acquaintance with the major part of these proceedings Lord Fletcher was not admitted: Boivin was well aware that it would compromise and endanger too far their ulterior projects to do so; but as his assistance was extremely valuable, and indeed indispensable, as far as finance was concerned, Boivin every now and then shewed him one of the most moderate of his articles in the paper, or some of the writings which he secretly printed and disseminated among the people. Lord Fletcher, on his part, was much too easily guided by the adroitness of Boivin to suspect more than he chose him to see, and most unconsciously he suffered himself to be made a tool of for the subversion of his own order, and the substitution of an absolute democracy. One thing alone had lately much struck his

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attention, and at last called forth a remark to Boivin, —and this was the exceeding intimacy which had in a short time grown up between the latter and our free-and-easy friend Sansargent, the virtuous Brutus who threatened once to become so fond of Lord Fletcher's good dinners.

"I don't know why," said Lord Fletcher to Boivin, "but I cannot tolerate your friend: there is something so inexpressibly coarse and vulgar—something so abjectly mean and low in his expression,—with such an air withal of concealed ferocity behind the scenes, that he appears to me the most disagreeable person I ever yet encountered. Those great blacksmith-looking arms of his, and his broad shoulders and tall figure, might be very useful, I dare say, in a fight, or in a day of the barricades, but how you can associate with him from taste and preference, my dear Louis, is really more than I can imagine."

"Très bien," replied Boivin, "how do you know that I am not training an army to send out for the service of the Queen of Spain, or perhaps Ali Pacha, or Mirza Shah? There is plenty of fighting going on in this civilized world of ours, without contemplating any doings nearer home: but, joking apart, my friend Sansargent is a very good and useful citizen, and has his merits in his own peculiar way. I do not regard his friendship as I do yours, my dear Fletcher:

we have not, in the first place, the same dispositions or the same tastes. I don't believe, for instance, that he knows even of the existence of the Cid of Corneille, or that he could tell the difference between Boileau's *Art of Poetry* and Boyer's *Dictionary*: nevertheless he may be a useful man. With regard to yourself, let me take this opportunity once for all of assuring you, and I do it in all sincerity, that whatever may in future times occur to myself; whatever difficulties I may encounter, and whatever dangers I may incur, I shall ever regard you in the high position of the friend whom I have loved the best. This I believe to be the loftiest pedestal on which I can place you, and little value as you may perhaps attach to my preference, and little as may be the value it deserves, I consider it myself, in what I am convinced is its true light, as a sacred and hallowed distinction."

"I thank you most warmly for your flattering choice," replied Lord Fletcher; "and believe me that I most fully concur with you in the manner in which you regard the boon you proffer me. Friendship is a gift too lightly given, and too lightly lost in general: it is not regarded in its true light: it is not highly enough appreciated. There is a something noble and sublime, an elevated cast of sentiment, and a lofty tone of feeling about real friendship, properly understood, which finds no echo in the breasts of the vul-

gar ; those whom the world calls friends, the multos numerabis amicos, who leave you at the first symptom of a cloudy day, do not deserve the name. There are, in fact, very few natures elevated enough to be capable of friendship in its loftiest form."

"And yet," replied Boivin, "it appears to me that the classics, the Greeks and Romans, understood it better :—self sacrifices were more frequent ; people were less interested. Selfishness is the characteristic vice of the days we live in."

"Cicero however makes the remark somewhere, that since the beginning of history up to his own time, there could be reckoned only two or three pairs of friends, who properly deserved the name. He might have reckoned Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, Scipio and Lælius, perhaps Æneas and Achatés ; and had he lived in modern times, in London, he might probably have added Tom and Jerry to his list."

"Still," rejoined Boivin, "the very circumstance of his writing a treatise on friendship, for I believe your quotation is from the *de Amicitia*, is sufficient to prove the fact of greater attention being paid to the subject, even as a branch of education and statistics, than is the case now-a-days. I remember that Aristotle too, in his *Ethics*, throws out some beautiful speculations on this head, in his long chapters about

friendship ; and then how noble were those associations of the 'Theban band of youths,' and others, in which, under the name of *ἑταῖροι*, young men bound themselves to die in battle by the side of their friends, or to save them !”

“ Your remarks are true,” rejoined Fletcher ; “ I regret that they should be true, so far as the rare existence of friendship in modern times is concerned ; but the fact is, that friendship is a republican virtue, and I don't remember that, among the instances we just now adduced, one is taken from the latter ages of Greece, or from the imperial history of Rome. Depend upon it, it is a plant which will not flourish in a monarchical soil : the air of despotism withers and kills it. If friendship existed now-a-days, we should have a series of coercion laws prohibiting it immediately, and regarding it in the same light as secret societies, treason plots, seditious meetings, and freemasonry conspiracies.”

“ Yes ! it is a republican virtue,” replied Boivin warmly : “ it is a plant which will not flourish in the air of courts ;—it disdains the unction of flattery ; it sickens at dissimulation and lies ;—its smile is gracious as it gives and receives the common courtesies of life ; but it stands firm against corruption, and it bows not to restraint. Love is a jealous fretful passion, at one time bounding with the impetuous spring

of the tiger, at another whining like a fractious child ; capricious and uncertain ; at one moment insolent and domineering, at another vengeful and full of spite ; at a third, too, extravagant in its idolatry ; at a fourth, hating what it just before had loved : but friendship, cool, calm, and collected, ever constant and philosophical, and to be depended on, is as opposite as possible to love. One springs from the passions, the other is the result of reason and reflection —born indeed of the heart, but shaped and matured by so many considerations, and by so much experience, that it is as if the stamp of cool judgment were affixed upon the warm emanations of love, and the molten metal, as it hardens with time, retains the ineffaceable impression.”

“ You are becoming quite poetical,” said Fletcher ; “ you must have looked out the word ‘ Amicitia ’ in your gradus ad Parnassum, to find so many flowery epithets. One would think, that in France at least, love and friendship were not so distinct as you would represent them ; for the words, ‘ cher ami,’ have always sounded particularly pleasing to my ear in the mouth of a pretty girl.”

“ Don’t speak of women,” replied the student, “ it reminds me of my pain ; I have an ulcer here which is festering, and which only time will cure : so pure ; so good ; so lovely ! and yet so proud !

well! well! it will not be always thus; let us return to our republics."

"Do you remember then," said Fletcher, "a code of laws, of which I have always been especially fond, as well for their equity in some things, as for their originality in all; I mean the celebrated code of St. Just? and can you cite by memory the passages in it which bear upon friendship?"

"Never could I forget them," replied Boivin; "I have always considered them the most noble part of his production; they run nearly as follows:—
1. Tout homme de vingt et un ans est tenu de déclarer dans le temple quels sont ses amis. 2. Les amis porteront le deuil l'un des autres. 3. Les amis creuseront la tombe l'un des autres. 4. Les amis seront places les uns près des autres dans les combats. 5. Celui qui dit qu'il ne croit pas à l'amitié, on qui n'a pas d'amis, est banni. 6. Si un homme commet un crime, ses amis sont bannis."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Lord Fletcher, "all of them, but especially the first and fifth! and yet how impracticable! I mean in the present state of society. Great changes must soon come; I recognize the symptoms of it on every side. The germs of virtue are taking root in men's bosoms, and they will spring up and bear the fruit which God meant them to bear; and now, to revert once more to the point

from which we set out. Let me beg and entreat of you not to be seen the constant associate of that extraordinary looking ruffian, as I consider him, Brutus Sansargent. Myself, I welcome your proffered friendship, and I know the full value of it; and I freely give you mine in return, in its fullest and warmest sense; but I don't think, if I were compelled by law to write up a list of my friends in the Temple, that I should inscribe among them that of Sansargent. Adieu, my dear Louis."

And Louis Boivin turned away, filled for a moment with a distrust of his own intentions, and a half inclination to disentangle himself from the conspiracy which he had himself projected, and from his connection with men whom he despised. But as he put the question to himself, "why have I done all this? what reason was potent enough to lead me into such a skein of troubles?" then it was that the recollection of his treatment by the comtesse rushed over him; and he grasped the hair of his head with both his hands, and tore it in meshes from his skull; and he ground his teeth with rage and vexation, and dashed on resolutely again, determined to succeed or perish with the cause he had taken up. "Still," he would say to himself, as he paced to and fro the Boulevards, or the Palais Royal, in the dusky twilight,— "still I think she loves me after all; I

cannot yet believe that all the encouragement she has given me, all the smiles she has lavished on me, all the interest she has testified for me, can be for nothing ! Divine creation of God's handiwork ! Fairest and best specimen of all that on earth is best and fairest ! would, indeed, that the poet's or the painter's immortalizing art were mine, that she might be handed down, as Petrarch has bequeathed his Laura, or Titian his love, to all posterity. Myself, I feel that the sands of my days are numbered ; I shall soon be with the worms ; but I would at least leave one work behind that should survive me ; and how far the noblest would be that effort, which should be consecrated to the perpetuation of such virtues, and such charms as hers ! ”

Thus did the poor youth rave over the result of his own folly, and fancy himself an unhappy and rejected lover, without ever having made even a single fair attempt upon his mistress ; and every night, as he returned home, did the old widow Boivin, his mother, take him to task, and rate him severely, for keeping company with Lord Fletcher, and tell him she would never speak to him again, if he did not renounce the society of that sacré Anglais.

Meanwhile, Lord Fletcher received a packet from the embassy, which contained for him, amongst other things, the following letter. It must be observed,

that months had now rolled by, and the autumn was set in; consequently, that Grainger and Mullingham had returned from their continental tour, and finding London empty, had nothing to do but to write letters.

LETTER FROM LORD ARTHUR MULLINGHAM
TO LORD FLETCHER.

September, 16.

DEAR FLETCHER,

Nous voici at length, returned from our expedition to God knows where, to stay in smoky England again till God knows when. Pigeons are now out of season at Crockford's, so to-morrow I take Grainger down to my father's, where we hear there are plenty of partridges, as well as an unusual supply of pheasants, ready for next month. Shall I send over a hamper of birds to you for your lady of the mask? *Apropôs* both to the lady and the hamper, how oddly words become distorted from their general to a particular signification! a bird means only a partridge, a beast denotes no animal save an ox, and *une fille* is no longer a daughter of Eve, but a daughter of joy. I write this letter partly at the desire, and by the dictation of your governor, Lord Furstenroy, who wishes me to persuade you, if possible, to come over

and stand for ——shire at the ensuing vacancy. Should you make up your mind to do so, Grainger and myself will come and canvass for you with pleasure. Your only opponent that I have yet heard of, is to be a parvenu person, named Smithson; an uncombed, unshaved, unwashed, looking devil, without a single acre in the county. Grainger says, his only landed property is in his finger-nails, but this is dirty. You are therefore sure to succeed if you stand; you only have to hit it off with Lord Furstenroy about politics, as he would not like to see you voting in all the radical minorities, in company with the *rus in urbe* members for the pudding-corner hamlets, or the representatives of Kensington gravel-pits. The only new joke going, is the answer made by old Sir Tunbelly Tossplot the other day to his banker, in a fit of absence. You perhaps don't know, that he never takes any sugar in his brandy and water, and never drinks it warm. Accordingly, in Farquhar's the other day, he presented a draught for fifty pounds, and on the cashier asking him "how would you like it, sir?" he answered, believing himself in a grog-shop, "cold; without."

The single other event with which I am acquainted is, that the economical and honourable Mrs. Scraggs, whom we met at Naples, and who never could drive anything in her life but a bargain,

has upset herself in the Regent's Park, in attempting to coach herself in a pony phaeton. Nothing is going on in London now but joint stock companies: there is the grand British beet-root association, and the Central Metropolitan rag company; the Great Junction washing and ironing society; and the Middlesex patent cow-milking board of steam. Myself and Grainger, who are speculating a little in them, are thinking of starting a new company, to be called "the General Equestrian cork-leg and horse-crutch society;" for Grainger says he can't afford to buy any hunters this winter, and all his old ones are screwed, so we mean to put them on crutches and cork-legs; but all these money speculations won't interest you, I fear, who I am told live upon your income like a sad thoughtless fellow, and actually throw away your money in paying your debts.

Yours truly,

A. MULLINGHAM.

P. S.—Pray desire Fitz-Patrick to send over six pair of boots for me, and six for Grainger; tell him to send the bill, and I will send him one in return.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN we now again for a short time to our heroine, the Countess of Clanelly, in order to recapitulate the principal events that have occurred to her since her arrival in England, and to prepare the reader for the unhappy results of the ill-advised connexion which she had formed.

Wearied and worn out to the last degree by the fatigue of her long journey, by the continued fretfulness and ill-temper of Lord Clanelly, and by the prospect of her own desolate and heart-breaking situation, our Italian adventuress had set foot in England on landing, with a vague and undefined presentiment of evil. On whichever side she looked, she saw no way of escaping from the difficulties which surrounded her; a cloud had settled on her horizon, and the damp chill of despair made her shudder as she contemplated the future.

She had found her temper and that of her liege lord each succeeding day more and more incom-

patible, and more at variance: herself of a gay, lively, and sanguine disposition, colouring every object with the bright tints of enthusiasm, and investing even present misery with the hues of hope, she regarded the impassive and heavy lassitude and indifference of Lord Clanelly with a feeling of deep contempt. The mode of treatment he had adopted towards her had also become of late almost brutally severe. He no longer showed her the fond endearments and little attentions, which, in the beginning of their marriage, had seemed to palliate his defects, and soothe the irritation of her mind; he no longer thought it necessary to ménager even the indulgence of his own whims and caprices; and he had so far thrown off disguise in the very matter of his glaring and notorious infidelities, that his wife ran the risk almost of being insulted by a rival close to the precincts of her own house.

Although Jeannette Isabelle had never mentioned to breathing soul the substance of the conversation which, it will be remembered, she had accidentally overheard in the hôtel of Fondi, its appalling facts had never quitted her imagination for a minute. She had, it appeared, been dishonoured by the immediate proximity of another woman, even during the earliest period of her connexion with Lord Clanelly; and his blandishments and caresses, even

during the heyday of his passion, had been shared with a paid and abandoned mistress. On the only occasion on which she had of late endeavoured to make some appeal to Clanelly's good feeling, and to bring him back to his duty, without hazarding the remotest allusion even to her knowledge of his wrongs, he had struck her. Yes; he had assailed her with cowardly blows, and desired her to remain in her own apartment till she knew better the degree of deference and submission to which he considered himself entitled.

Shut up in her own room, therefore, in the back part of a large but dull house in St. James's Square, and neglected even by the servants of the establishment, who saw their interest only in countenancing every whim of their tyrannical master, poor Jeannette was literally more than once in danger of being almost starved to death. Although she did not believe that Clanelly would be capable of encouraging such neglect, she could not deceive herself so far as to think that he would be much afflicted at hearing even of its fatal termination.

She longed in vain for permission to visit his country residence, and to go and wander through the woods, which would so well have harmonized with the gloomy hue of her present melancholy reflections. It did not suit Lord Clanelly's selfish

convenience, for the moment, to be any where but in London, and he did not choose that his wife should be any where but where he was himself. He even restricted her from the very easily accorded liberty of going out of the house either in carriage or on foot.

As if determined to carry his barbarous behaviour to the remotest possible pitch, on the last occasion of his visiting her in her apartments, where she would have been confined by sickness, even had she been otherwise free, for she was even now under medical advice, he had desired that her favourite spaniels should be excluded, and had literally chased the pretty little Italian greyhound from the room. As the latter never made his appearance again, Jeannette too naturally concluded that her dog had been taken from her to be made a present to some woman who was more in favour for the passing moment; and this, she heard from her maid through the channel of one of the grooms, was actually the case, as well as that Lord Clanelly was in the daily habit of riding out with some other women, and that her favourite mare Fatima had been used for this degrading purpose.

It would be mere trifling, and worse than trifling amid proceedings like these, to remark that Lady Clanelly was fond of literature, and that books at

least were liberally supplied her in her solitude, or, to say, that with their assistance, she might have been enabled in a great measure to beguile her mind from the weight of sufferings she was compelled to undergo. The fact is, that Lady Clanelly did read and did think industriously and profoundly. Her thoughts were upon grave subjects, and the books which she desired to be brought to her from the library assumed every day a more gloomy and melancholy cast. The splendid imagery and noble diction of Sir Thomas Browne's old work, called *Hydriotaphia*, or *Urn Burials*, delighted her: in Jeremy Taylor's poetical conceptions and style she found something that harmonized with her own musings. The often-read tale of *Rasselas* was reperused with a real desire to be strengthened by the philosophical considerations it imparts; Zimmermann on Solitude, and Burton on the Anatomy of Melancholy, were added to the list; and day after day, as she glided over the pages of these noble works, her thoughts became clearer and more defined, her manner more equable and fixed, her eye less ensanguined and troubled, and she seemed to have taken some resolution, the result of mature reflection, which whatever might be its nature, had at least been capable of producing so many favourable results.

When the determination to die is once taken up, it would seem almost a vain thing to endeavour to prevent its accomplishment. There are so many ways of going out of the world, that it looks like a mere mockery to remove the knife, the razor, the poison, and the rope. One of the Carbonari people in Italy, I believe at Genoa, a young man of twenty years old, having been allowed to drink out of an earthen cup by his jailer, bit a piece out of the vessel, and on the keeper taking it from him, contrived to secrete a small fragment in his mouth, and with this blunt tool, in the dead of the night, he succeeded in cutting his throat till he died. The gash was fearful in extent, but the blood had flowed slowly from the bluntness of the tool, and so much so, that it was the opinion of a medical man, who saw the body, that the suicide must have been the work of many hours. Such is the perseverance in the determination to die, engendered by a weariness of existence;—and we think we may safely venture to assert, that when this weariness of life does once creep over the soul, there are but two feelings strong enough to resist it, and to re-attach the sickened affections to this earth. Need we say that they are religion and love?

It constituted, perhaps, the most deplorable feature of all in Lady Clanelly's unhappiness, that her

heart and her understanding had long been unimpressionable to the force of the truths of revealed religion. Educated as a Catholic, and entering at an early period into all the divine mysteries of her church, with an enthusiasm and devotion of which only an imagination like hers was capable, she had as it were let the holy flame burn itself out in her bosom, and from having venerated too much, she had subsided into the opposite fault of venerating too little.

It was truly a remarkable thing, and a phenomenon, to see a nature like Lady Clanelly's expressly made, as it were, for the beauty of religion, its charities, its sublimity, and its virtues, estranged at so early a period from all its exalting influence, and ennobling associations : but, strange as it may appear, and it will appear less strange to those who have lived much on the continent of Europe, and mixed in the best educated circles of its people, infidelity had invaded the shrine of her soul, which faith had claimed in the beginning for its own. She had read deeply the philosophical works of the sceptics of the last century ; she had thought and reasoned with herself till she felt convinced that there was no certainty to be arrived at in respect of religious knowledge, at least, as far as revelation is concerned.

It is needless to repeat here all the stages of the process, by which her ardent spirit, instigated by a bold love of enquiry, advanced from belief to doubt, from doubt to positive rejection:—the same arguments have been often enough repeated—too often, if the answers be not found to be stronger than the objections, if the proofs brought forward by the assertors and propagators of spiritual wisdom, be not sufficient to crush the doubts of suspicion in the bud. But one thing must be ever borne in mind with regard to Jeannette Isabelle, that even while she believed in the cold and unimaginative doctrines of materialism, and rejected every comfort and solace held out by religion to those who gaze in faith upon the cross, such was the congeniality of her disposition to all that is christian—so pure and pious was her every thought—so self-sacrificing and disinterested was her every act, “that,” as she expressed it, “her religious friends all declared that she would be saved in spite of herself, and that even if the horrors in Dante’s *Comedy Divine* should all come true, there would always be a little corner left for her to creep out at.” “Yet, oh!—to live over again,” she would exclaim, “to be dragged out of one’s grave, which I look upon as an asylum and a refuge, to feel once more all the horrors of existence! To recognize, perhaps, all the old familiar faces, which we have

known already but too well upon this lower earth!—this may be a comfortable hope, and a cheering prospect to those whose life here has been one of happiness—but for me! for me, to whom existence seems synonymous with suffering—who only breathe to endure pain, and who shrink from contact with mankind with all the apprehensiveness of one who is but too well acquainted with men's brutality and wickedness—for me a second existence can display no charms of attraction. Almost every created being that I have known, is connected in my recollection with some association of sorrow. My feelings have been so intensely racked, so harrowed up, and worked upon by a series of unprecedented trials, that all I ask is to forget—all I wish for is repose, an eternal slumber—an utter oblivion of all—a decomposition of body and soul, never to be reconstructed again—in short, perpetual rest; and what I long for so intently, what I hunger and thirst after with so much earnestness, is it strange that I should believe? If nearly all the individuals with whom I have been thrown into personal relations during my life-time have been such, that I should not see them again without an impression of distress, is it strange that I should become persuaded of what I should so much desire, and embrace the creed of an utter and eternal dissolution? My ways have ever been those of

gentleness, and I have been rewarded with violence and blows. I have loved every thing in God's creation, down to the very lowliest flower, and in return I have not one friend that I can call upon to deliver me:—I am literally bowed down and wearied with afflictions. I sigh for repose—and if death be terrible to others, it is only beautiful to me. I do not understand—I have never understood—why it is that people are afraid to die, or why all the paraphernalia of medicines and drugs are resorted to, in order to keep them in this very disagreeable world. I would not that my own surgeon, sent by the affected kindness and real cruelty of my husband, should even now continue to pay me twice a day his idle and uninteresting visits. To me the tomb seems to smile invitingly, and I hail it as a harbour and a haven, and a retreat from the world's woes, as the philosophers of the porch regarded it of old."

It was late one evening in the decline of autumn. The heaven was clear and cloudless, and thinly streaked at intervals with fleecy clouds, for the wind was abroad, and swept the heavens and the earth with his mighty wings. Many a star looked out from on high, and even through the fog and mist and smoke of London's atmosphere, the night looked lovely. Lady Clanelly, who had been sitting musing in her easy chair over the fire, rose and gazed forth

upon the scene. Her maid had retired, and was descended with the other domestics to supper in the servant's hall. Jeannette Isabelle felt relief at finding herself alone. Her intense brilliancy of beauty never shone forth more dazzlingly bright than now, when there were no beholders, and at a moment when she herself was least conscious of its charms. The lustrous clusters of her dark brown hair fell like a cascade over her shoulders—her lips were half apart—her attitude was one of suspense—her bright eye sparkled joyously, as she drew the curtain on one side, and looked up into the blue dome above her. Her book was lying half open, as she had been reading it, upon the table. Her watch, which she had just wound up, repeated its monotonous note in the red morocco case upon the chimney-piece: every thing showed that she had been calm and collected to the last—"and yet,"—as the tickings of the time-piece startled her ear in the silence of reflection at the window, she said to herself—"the moments are numbered which detain me here—the watch will go on—but I shall not hear it!" She let drop the curtain, as if having bid farewell to the external world, and looking once more eagerly round the room, as if to be certain she was alone, she said, "now then is the time—the moment of deliverance is arrived—my duties here are ended:—I

am shut up and secluded from all relations with my fellow-creatures—let me release myself.” She drew deliberately a couch in her dressing-room in front of a large pier-glass, and placing herself upon it, drew forth a penknife from her toilet-box, and felt for the veins in her neck. At length having fixed her finger upon what she knew to be the jugular vein, she said, “ Now let me see what sort of thing it is to die ! ” and as she uttered the words, she made an incision on the spot. The red stream spirted out in a strong and salient jet, and she regarded it in the glass with a smile. She even set her fingers to her pulse, in order to watch the ebbing of its healthy vigour; and, incredible as it may seem to those who have never pondered upon death, or regarded it as other than a source of terror, it was curiosity which predominated in her mind, as she traced each change of feeling, and the gradual decline of power—it was the anxious desire to see what beyond awaited her, and whether, indeed, she were right in foreseeing a refuge in the tomb. At last sensation gradually died away—a sick faint feeling of exhaustion crept over her brain—she became dizzy—she grasped in vain the table—a black veil seemed hung before her eyes—and she fell back senseless upon the sofa. * * *

A rushing to and fro of domestics, and the confused whispering of many voices was heard in the

house of Lord Clanelly. Consternation was on every face—pity was more strongly depicted upon some; but the aged housekeeper was there to preserve silence and order. Not a footstep was allowed to be heard—not a word to be uttered aloud—for there might yet be hope.

It had so happened, that the surgeon, who had been particularly desired by Lord Clanelly to continue his visits twice a day during the indisposition of his lady, was the very person who was destined to arrive at the actual moment of the deed we have just described. On entering the room with the *femme de chambre*, he imagined all was lost, but on stopping the effusion of blood by pressure, and examining the wound, he discovered that the exterior jugular vein had alone been severed, and that the interior or greater one had escaped untouched. With all his skill, he bandaged up the gash, and caused the patient to be gently undressed and put to bed. Languid, and faint, and senseless, she did not move, and as yet gave no sign of life; and yet returning sensation just enabled her to be aware of the surgeon's expression at parting—"that the greatest fears were to be entertained." "*Fears!*" repeated she mentally, to herself, "*fears!* Merciful God!"

CHAPTER XVI.

TO-DAY is the scale-beam between to-morrow and yesterday: it inclines to joy or sorrow, as our minds are swayed by the influences of the past or the future; and it varies, on different sides, from elevation to depression, as our hopes or fears, our painful recollections or our soft regrets predominate. It is so to meditative minds—to those who feed upon reflection, and whose mental feelings are stronger than their bodily sensations. It is true that “sufficient for the day is the evil thereof:” would only that it were possible to confine our thoughts always to the evil of to-day!

As slowly and most reluctantly our heroine awoke to a consciousness of her situation—as she became aware that she had been dragged back in spite of herself, by an unlucky accident, to live once more a little longer in this world of woes, her heart turned faint within her, and she refused even the liquid nourishment administered to her by the means of a teaspoon, by her anxious and careful nurse. The sight of the

red blood which stained the bandages with which she was bound, made her involuntarily sick, and then it was that she wondered at herself and her own courage, in having inflicted the gash which had proved so nearly fatal. It was a singular and additional proof of the unusual strength of her mind, that she should have chosen such means for putting herself out of the world; for it is a fact well known to all those who have examined the tables of suicides officially returned in any country, that the number of women who destroy themselves by sharp instruments is by comparison most exceedingly small. Suspension, drowning, the charcoal-pan, and the phial, are the most frequently chosen methods; and it scarcely ever happens that females fall self-sacrifices either to the knife or the pistol. Others have ascribed this to a sexual want of courage, which leads them to dread the sight of blood. Ourselves, we know little of the sex, but we confess we see nothing in it but an indication of vanity,—for we have never yet discovered that women are deficient in daring, though most of them shrink in alarm from the thought of a scratch on the face.*

* Pope's well-known distich,

“One would not sure look ugly when one's dead;

So, Betty, give this cheek a little red,”

is not overdrawn. Cyrus in Xenophon wisely tells his cavalry to direct their spears rather against the faces than the breasts of the effeminate Medes; for that the gay young nobles did not dread death, but would fly from disfigurement.

We remember ourselves a very good-looking young man at Paris assuring us, that, if ever he committed suicide, it should be done without disfiguring his countenance, of which he was remarkably vain. Six months afterwards he shot himself through the heart. Be this as it may, our heroine, as the art of her medical attendant gradually restored her to comparative health, shuddered by a sort of revulsion of feeling, as she contemplated her own act; and perhaps after all, the seclusion of her position, which would preclude her from the purchase of deleterious drugs, or other means of self-destruction, had not a little to do with the dictation of the weapon she had chosen. She had, at any rate, now that she was confined for so long a period to her bed, an opportunity for reviewing coolly the whole of her position; but reflection did not seem to brighten her avenir.

Her husband, whose conduct, even if from no higher motive than mere human sympathy and natural politeness, had certainly been more attentive since the event which had caused her illness, nevertheless did not seem to have relinquished, or to be likely to relinquish his malpractices. She knew too well his character, by fatal experience, to have the least confidence even in the promises he so liberally made her of amendment: yet, strange to say, either from a feeling of compunction for his late neglect, or from caprice, or from the mere force of his wife's attrac-

tions, now that he was thrown for a time more into her society by his daily visits to her bed-side, much of his old fondness seemed to have returned, and, as he sat by her pillow, he would talk sometimes as he used to do in the old days, before their ill-assorted union,—and he would take the meshes of her long dark hair in his fingers, and play with their braids, till poor Jeannette, who had no caprice in her disposition and hated once and for ever, literally shuddered with disgust.

Dr. Johnson's celebrated saying of "liking a hearty hater," although sufficiently unchristian for so pious and prayer-writing an old gentleman as the good doctor, is not so devoid of sense as it has been represented to be by some. Certain it is that the same mind which abandons easily its dislikes, will give up with equal facility its preferences, and will, in fact, have no character at all, while that nature only has stamina and strength on which its loves and its hatreds are graven as on a tablet of brass. Some characters are as unretentive of principles as some memories are of facts—and God help them ! A wave of the sea courses over the shore, and effaces in its sweep, promises, oaths, engagements, honourable vows, threats of revenge, denunciations of hatred :—all had been written on the sand.

Jeannette Isabelle disliked now more than ever her husband :—disliked is too moderate a word—she

literally loathed and abhorred him : his presence was irksome to her in the extreme, and she daily felt it to be the greatest relief to her when he left the room. By a strange perversity, as the conviction of her dislike flashed upon him, he suddenly seemed to awaken to a sense of her value. In the loss of her esteem, her confidence, her respect, and her love, which is the last to go when the other three are gone, he appeared to have now first attained to a knowledge of their worth : he seemed like a miser when afraid lest his treasure should escape him. He never allowed her to be left one minute alone, for fear she should renew her attempts to destroy herself. He had her door carefully locked and bolted on the outside, and another barrier secured similarly at the end of the passage, for fear she should attempt her escape ; and the porter was enjoined to allow her no egress, should she by any miracle arrive so far as to the bottom of the staircase. He racked his imagination to think of something which would please her ; and every evening, as he ascended to see her, he brought in his hand some pretty new annual or some gilded bonbonnière ;—but she received his presents with cold thanks, and himself with indifference and ill-disguised contempt, and turned her head away. It seemed to her that it was treating her like a child to lock her up in her room, and try to stop her mouth with sugar-plums.

A real tyrant in his disposition, and accustomed

by long habit to be indulged in having his own way on every point, Lord Clanelly vainly sought to gain his wife's affections back again, by such treatment as the Grand Seigneur might exhibit to one of the Circassians of his seraglio. All women are not babies, though a great many of them are so; and it is *here* that men who have studied women, and think they know the sex, generally make their mistake. There are some female characters above the standard of their own, and where the man is once despised by the woman, love cannot come afterwards; and yet to a character less firm than that of our heroine, the warm expressions and passionate pleadings of Lord Clanelly might have seemed sincere, or at any rate irresistible.

"Listen to me, Isabelle," he would say, and as he spoke he would take her hand, which she coldly and tranquilly withdrew. "Why will you not even hear reason, and accept the expressions of contrition, which I am so anxious to convey to you? Why cannot you try to love me again as you used to do? I know that you have just causes of complaint against me, and that I have wronged and exasperated you, till you seem almost to have a right to hate me,—but cannot you, will not you forgive me? Whatever you require or dictate shall be done for you. I swear solemnly that if infidelity of mine have ever given you offence, that you only henceforth shall be my own heart's treasure."

Jeannette shuddered involuntarily under the bed-clothes at this last sentence, and Clanelly saw it.

"Jeannette," he continued, "I will never molest you: if it be, indeed, a thing impossible that you should love me any more, I implore you, I conjure you, I entreat you most solemnly to stay with me—only to stay with me, and I will never so much as ask to touch the little finger of your hand: only endure me near you, and I will obey you like a slave; I will be your dog; I will wait upon you, and make it my happiness and pride to obey you. I will leave the room when you are tired of my presence, and I will only speak to you when you desire me to answer you. I will gaze on you at a distance, and worship you as the Persian adores his sun. You shall have your own carriage, and your own horses, and your own apartments, and whatever you like. Only stay with me! I beg and entreat you to listen! Why do you turn your head away?"

"Clanelly! I have told you many times before that these interviews annoy and weary me; they are perfectly useless as far as regards their results, and they only serve to place you in a more abject and humiliating position than ever, without in the least forwarding the impossible object which you profess to have in view."

"Jeannette dearest, my own sweet wife, I feel

the justice of what you say; but have you no mercy to temper the dictates of justice? It makes me mad to see you calm, and cool, and inexorable, while I am driven to torments unutterable by the passion that rages within me. You provoke and incense me beyond bearing, by that d—d impassible manner that you put on. I feel like the devils at the gate of heaven, constantly knocking, and begging for admission and pardon; and when you open your lips, I seem to hear you doom me to eternal flames. Eternal! why should they be eternal? must my sentence be irrevocable, final, inexpressible? Is there no redemption? Is repentance unavailable?"

"Clanelly! these scenes are beyond my strength to bear; you have already my answer, and you know me, alas! too well to imagine that I ever should reverse what I have said. I will thank you to leave me, if you please, as you fatigue me by your violence, without at all benefitting your own cause."

"By God!" exclaimed Clanelly, getting into a passion, "you infuriate me beyond the control of my reason; you dare not reject me; you cannot refuse me; you are my lawful wife, and I command you. I defy you to escape me; I care not for consequences—talk not to me of consequences; I heed not man or devil; but this I know, that you shall not escape me; by heaven! you shall not."

And as his brow gathered, and his hand clenched, and his teeth ground against each other, in his fury Lord Clanelly threatened almost to stifle her in his embraces, and kill her with the frenzy of his passion. Such modes of proceeding were, of course, not at all calculated to advance his suit; and if sometimes, as her health began now to be re-established, she submitted, from the mere sense of physical inferiority of strength, and the fear of personal outrage, to his kisses, it was with that feeling of utter detestation, and unmingled contempt, which she did not think it worth while to conceal even from himself!

Her every thought was now directed to the means of escape. She had already tried the fidelity of her waiting-maid, and of the only other servant who was permitted access to her apartment, and in vain. Lord Clanelly had taken care to make them too much his creatures and dependants, to allow them, even from a motive of pity, to convey so much as a note for her beyond the house; and, even had they been willing, to whom could she apply? Nearly a stranger in London, for she had as yet mingled little in its society, she had no friend on whom she could count at all for assistance in the hour of need. Even were she able to effect her escape, she knew not to whom she could fly: as to acquaintances, of those whom she had met in Town, no one was

admitted to see her ; for her husband, jealous of his own reputation, as well as fearful of her escape, had carefully prohibited any visitors from being admitted ; and to all enquiries the same answer was returned from day to day, " that Lady Clanelly was better, but obliged to remain quiet, and to see no one."

Meanwhile, his lordship himself, although he did not go a great deal into the world, mixed sufficiently with society to keep his own character well with the multitude. He had the tact and sense, which, indeed, is as much a part of good breeding as of good feeling, always to speak in the tenderest and most affectionate way of his little wife. He was particularly careful at all evening assemblies, to keep in with the old ladies ; and we recommend the same precaution to all young men ; it is not so much that the old tabbies can do any great good, as, that if neglected, they are such mauvaises langues, and can do incalculable harm. Every one pitied Lord Clanelly for his wife's continued illness. Every one was glad to see him in their house as a bachelor, till her health should be restored : but this he had the good management to decline, unless anything very tempting presented itself ; he gave as a pretext, that he could not absent himself so much from his poor Isabelle's bed-side, and making his bow, hastened away to his harem.

One morning, poor Jeannette had felt more than ordinarily the oppression and insupportable irksomeness of her situation, and was sitting in despair, with her head reclining on both her hands, which were buried in her billowy tresses, when the door of her room opened ; at first she paid no attention, thinking it was only her maid, who had left her for some minutes, and whose return she was momentarily expecting. It was, in truth, the menial whom she had imagined ; but, on hearing a sound and looking up, the delighted Jeannette could scarcely believe her eyes at seeing her old Newfoundland Carlo standing before her. The blood rushed to her face ; but her presence of mind luckily restrained her from even mentioning so much as his name. The dog recollected her at once, and Jeannette trembled lest his whinings, and the merry bounds he made in playful circlets round her, and the eagerness with which he looked up in her face, putting his paw affectionately, as of old, upon her hand, as if to greet her, should betray their old acquaintanceship to the Argus-like, and ever-watchful eyes, of her maid.

“ Poor fellow ! poor dog ! ” said she, “ he seems hungry, Mary ! he shall stay and dine with me to-day ; I will give him some bones : ” and she with difficulty restrained Carlo from jumping up and licking her face, while she remarked to the servant,

that the hour of dinner must be very near, and besought her to go down stairs and accelerate it. The instant that she found herself alone, Jeannette flew to her writing-desk. It was evident to her, as the light of day, by seeing the dog Carlo, that her friend, almost her only real friend in the world, the Principessa de Collini, must be in London. He had, in fact, been brought to the house by one of the principessa's Italian servants, who had met one of Lord Clanelly's grooms in the Strand, and accompanied him home, in order to cement, with a pot of porter, the acquaintance which they had begun over a flask of wine at Naples. The dog, by a mere accident, missing his master in one of the passages, and seeing the maid ascending the stairs, had followed her. He rushed into the room, wagging his tail, and snuffing the floor, and instantly recognized his former mistress, who could scarcely restrain her tears now that she was left alone with him, and former reminiscences came over her. Business, however, was to be done, and done quickly, for the maid would re-ascend. She hastily drew off a ring from her finger, and enclosed it in a paper, on which she wrote as follows ; " Endeavour to save me ; my window is high ; but there are ladders : when you have arranged all, send back the ring, and I shall know you and be

ready." This was inexplicit enough, but it was all that she had time to think of, or to write. The maid was never two minutes absent. She returned the very instant that Jeannette had finished tying her small packet round the neck of Carlo, under his broad brass collar. She trembled with fear of discovery, whilst she hastily gave a morsel of meat to the poor dog for old acquaintance' sake, and then desired the maid to take him down stairs immediately, for fear his master should be gone. The groom of the Marquis de Pisatelli presently left the house, followed by Carlo, who passed the unsuspecting porter with an air of the most careless effrontery, so that no one could have suspected him of being such a "wicked dog."

"Poor old fellow!" said the porter; "he's a nice quiet animal!"

Not with greater skill of old did the hero of Ithaca bind his captured comrades beneath the bellies of the fleecy ewes; not with darker blindness did old Polypheme pass them one by one through his hands, nor with greater pathos appeal to his *αγίε πτερον*, his favourite ram, who was playing him the most unkindly trick of all.

"Poor old fellow!" said the porter; "he's a nice quiet animal!"

CHAPTER XVII.

MEANWHILE the outer world went on, with its rapidly-succeeding series of trivial circumstances magnified into importance, and mighty events disregarded as of little weight—with its jarring politics and speculative projects—with its loans of many millions, and its petty-larceny prosecutions—with its debts and its duels—its cant and its quackery—its peers making laws for the poor, and its poor threatening to make laws for the peers. Fashion held out her hand to Literature, whose delicate nerves trembled at the violence of the grasp, and Power spread the protection of his branches over Talent, which withered in the ungenial atmosphere of its deadly shade. Covent-garden supplied its green peas at a guinea a pint—and the newspaper writers their lucubrations at a penny a line. Young men lost hundreds without a thought at play—while their careful governors were economizing in the shillings

and pence. Subscribers were viewing plans for the national monument to "the great unknown," and Irish members making appeals to the passions of "the great unwashed." All this, and much more, was going on in London and the world around; and lost in the vortex of gaiety and business, study and dissipation, people had little time or thought to occupy themselves with the microcosm of Lord Clanelly's ménage. It will hereafter remain to be seen whether or no our weeping star, our Pleiad of pity's tale, shone out again joyously in heaven, or whether the rainy night continued still to dim her radiant car in its progress to its home in the west. At present we must do as others do, and dash into the whirlpool of events.

The winter was far advanced: the starving Spitalfields weavers had long since sent round their annual advertisement to the dentists, offering their teeth at a discount, as having no longer any use for them. The Christmas bills had long since awakened many an improvident housekeeper to his periodical consciousness of having a large family, and a small income. It was that time of year, most disagreeable of all in London, when it is sure to rain slightly about three or four times a day, and if you walk out in a gleam of sunshine, you are certain to get the drippings of some spout between your neck and your

neckcloth—when the pavement is so greasy, that attempting to mount Ludgate-hill is a labour emblematic of that of Sysiphus, and each step seems to slide back again as far as it has advanced. It was just such a day as we are describing, late in winter and near the opening of the session and the opera, that our two friends, Lord Arthur Mullingham and George Grainger, were seen about three o'clock in the afternoon emerging from the 'Travellers', and turning the corner with the intention of perpetrating a lounge in Regent-street before dinner. "What an ugly object that great monument to the Duke of York presents at the end of so fine a perspective!" remarked Mullingham; "it is as if it were intended as a parody on the pillar in the Place Vendome. Napoleon himself used to say it was 'but a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous;' and truly I find this erection as absurd as the other in Paris is grand and beautiful."

"Every body knows Lady Broadwell's joke about its being intended as a husband to the Thames tunnel," replied Grainger; "but truly I think if the money, which has been wasted on the one, had been applied to the completion of the other, we should have had a much finer national work to be proud of. Do you remember how all foreigners on the continent used to enquire about

the Tunnel, which really creates a much greater interest abroad, than it does among ourselves?"

"The same mesquin sort of taste," resumed Mullingham, "seems destined to pervade all our public works in London. Where are our parallels to the Bourse of Paris, or to the Madeleine, or to the Arc de l'Etoile—or still more, to the Tuilleries and the Louvre? If we build any thing nationally fine, it is sure to be out of the way, like the new Post-office, or the result of necessity, like the new Houses of Parliament, which are to be built only because the old ones happened to be burnt down."

"The Chamber of Deputies in Paris is certainly an imposing object," replied Grainger; "but one thing, perhaps, to be observed in the effect of buildings, is the fact that the natural white or grey hue of stone or marble has a much better appearance than the dingy, smutty tint, which all public works in London acquire in a short time from the operation of the coal-fires. The beauty of the Grecian temples themselves is perhaps partly to be traced to the colour of their materials: St. Paul's, on the contrary, is like a dirty beauty, and would look a hundred and fifty times better for taking a bath, or if we could set two or three thousand men to work, with buckets of water and scrubbing brushes, to wash its face."

"Apropòs to coal-smoke," interrupted Grainger, "let me go into Howell and James's to get a pair of gloves; one pair of Madame Roux's best kid, in Paris, used to last me as long as three pair in London, so great is the effect of this gasy, sooty atmosphere, which the good Londoners breathe almost without being aware of it."

The two friends entered the shop, and, whilst Grainger was fitting his gloves, a cab drove up to the door, and the following conference took place between the gentleman who descended from the vehicle, and the gentleman behind the counter:—

"Your pleasure, Sir, if you please? any article I can serve you with to-day?"

"I want a great many articles, I assure you—you will send them to my lodgings—but I hear you are the most infernal duns in London. Upon my honour and credit I am told so—is it true?"

"No, Sir—I hope not, Sir—I don't think that we have the honour of your name in our book?" (rather interrogatively.)

"No, upon my honour and credit you never had me down for five shillings; but Lord Peregrine Pomfret, and Sir Temple Crucifix, and Sir Con-naught Close, all complain terribly of being badgered by your bills."

"If you are acquainted with all these gentlemen,

Sir, they ought to have told you we prefer having their names in our ledger, to seeing their money on the counter."

"On my honour and credit, you are very good," replied the Irishman, immediately seizing for himself with great adroitness the extent of credit which he thus heard allowed to his honourable acquaintances; and he was proceeding to "*patronize* the shop," as he called it, by giving a large order for articles of various kinds, when, turning round, he recognized the two friends, Mullingham and Granger, who at the same instant called to memory the Kilkenny Cat of the Arco Felice party, and Lord Carmansdale's appropriate definition of him, as the man who had "a thousand a year for one year."—"By my honour and credit," said the gay Hibernian, immediately holding out his hand to the two young men, and delighted at this unexpected facility of increasing his respectability with the shopmen, "I should have let you pass almost without seeing you; but I am glad to meet you, to thank you for a very agreeable dinner at Mrs. Scraggs's last summer, which I believe I should never have got without your invitation."

"I hope Mrs. Scraggs and her family are well, Mr. Fitz-Waterton; have you seen them lately?" interrogated Mullingham, knowing them to be in

London, and rather curious to learn what progress our adventurer had made in his designs upon Miss Barbara.

“ Oh, the wicked little devils ! ” replied the Kilkenny cat,—“ seen them ! yes, to be sure I have, and seen a good deal of them too, though I have only been once in their company, as I told Bab the other night, when I went into their opera box, and found her in such a low dress, that the neck as they call it almost came down to the waist.—“ It is very kind of you, Miss Barbara,” said I, “ *to let me see so much of you ;* ”—but the wicked, little creatures—I don’t know which is the worst of the three—do you know I found out that they had given us all nick-names ;—on my honour and credit, they had : so I was determined to pay them off, as I always pay all my debts ” (to the shopman), “ and I have christened them ‘ plague, pestilence, and famine ; ’ and as to the old mother, I don’t know whether to call her ‘ battle, murder, or sudden death. ’ ”

The two friends could not help smiling at this sally ; and, after making a casual remark or two, were retiring from the shop, when Mr. O’Higgins Fitz-Waterton followed them to the door, and kindly offered them the use of his tiger and cab, as he had no further use for it, and was going to walk home.

"No, thank you," said Mullingham; "it is a pretty cab, though—who was your builder?"

"D—n it—I got this from Spokewell, in Long Acre: a most infernal rascal—I've only owed him three hundred pounds for six years, and he duns me like ten devils.—Where are you going to dine to-day?—If you like to join me, I'll take you to the best place in London, upon my honour and credit—a place where the port-wine is just like Warren's blacking—I don't mean in colour, flavour, and quality, but in being cheapest and best."

"Thank you, you are extremely kind," said both the young men at once.

"I dine at Lord Peregrine Pomfret's to-day," said Mullingham, naming one of the Kilkenny cat's professed acquaintances—

"And I dine with your friend, Sir Temple Crucifix, at my club," added Grainger—and they parted.

"How different the tradespeople of London are from those of the continent," remarked Mullingham, when they were fairly out of hearing—"in respect of giving credit to customers whom they don't know, merely on the strength of their personal appearance! I remember, for instance, when I was at Vienna, an English marquis, who has at least between one and two hundred thousand a-year, went into a shop,

and ordered a pretty little china figure, the price of which was twelve florins, to be sent home to his hôtel. The cautious tradesman, who happened to know me because I was living at the embassy, before he ventured to send the article to the hôtel, came to me to ask, 'Si monsieur, milord marquis, etait solvable?'—to which I replied,—'Monsieur, il pourrait bien manger vous, et votre boutique, et tout ce que vous y avez pour son déjeuner.' This satisfied him; but he had been undazzled even by the equipage and liveries of his lordship, whereas in London any man with a tolerable address, and a decent coat on his back, especially if he be a comte and a foreigner, may walk into any shop, and order just what he pleases."

"The credit system is nevertheless visibly declining, and the ready-money system advancing in London," observed Grainger; "and any sensible person must see at once that it is a very good thing that it should be so: for no fortune in the world can stand against the immense interest for money demanded upon long credit prices; and as every body knows the bills must be paid at last, it is nothing but downright folly to put off the evil day."

"What a philosopher you are becoming, Grainger!" said Mullingham; "one would think that you did not owe two pounds in all London."

"I wish, indeed," replied Grainger, "that I did not owe more than two hundred to Hoby! but then I don't mind being extravagant in boots—but here comes Endymion Loto—I must get him to dine with me at the club, as you are going to Pomfret's."

"Who is Endymion Loto?" rejoined Mullingham. "What! is this the half-witted son of the talented Russian princess?—the man whom I met once at Rome, I remember, looking at the famous picture of the Horatii and Curiatii, and who asked me the subject; upon which I told him, that they were six rebellious Poles, who had been made to fight like gladiators by Catherine the Second in an amphitheatre at Petersburg; and he walked away perfectly satisfied, remarking merely that it served them right."

"The same undoubtedly," said Grainger; "the anecdote is so perfectly in character. His poor mother, who is obliged to make the best of him, said one day, in speaking of him to Lady Broadwell, 'J'aime beaucoup Endymion; il a tant de tact: quand il y a du monde chez moi, il s'en va'—and this very novel sort of compliment, and very negative praise, was the best thing she could say of him; but here he is—voyons—Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer."

"Walk as far as Truefit's with me, there's a good fellow," said Endymion, putting his hand into Grainger's arm—"Guerlain has sent me over such a shocking box of perfumes from Paris, that I am obliged to supply myself for the time in London. Do come with me, there's a dear creature."

"On the condition that you will dine with me afterwards," said Grainger; "and that very nice, gentlemanly fellow, Sir Temple Crucifix, whom I see standing yonder, is to join us."

"Dear me!" said Endymion; "do you call that a nice fellow?—why I have at least ten waist-coats to his one!—Do you really call that a gentlemanly man?—why my rose-water alone costs me more than he lays out upon scents of all sorts in the course of the year!"

Sir Temple Crucifix nevertheless came up and joined them, and was invited to be one of the party. He seemed full of a fracas, which he had just witnessed by the door of Howell and James's shop:—a young officer, believed to be the son of the Hon. Mrs. Scraggs, had used some expression to an Irishman, which his Milesian blood could not stand, and the Irishman, whom our friends immediately identified as the Kilkenny cat, had pulled the lieutenant's nose.

"I hope, however, he did not pull it severely,"

interrupted Endymion Loto—"not so as to be uncivil—not so as to appear impolite. I know young Scraggs slightly, and I should be sorry that he should be hurt."

Sir Temple and Grainger smiled at each other; and Mullingham being obliged to leave them to dress for dinner, the three others continued lounging about in the neighbourhood of the clubs for a short time, and then went in to warm themselves at the fire, and pick up whatever new scandals, or straws of information there might be floating on the surface of society.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Rousseau wrote his book about the Social Compact, he might have extended the idea of there being a tacit agreement between the government and the people to the fact of there being equally a tacit agreement in all society whatever. In the upper circles of the fashionable world, it is more easy to detect the conditions of this implied bargain, than perhaps in any other. Every body who wishes to have a stall in the market, must bring some disposable article to the common stock. A man who is a secretary of legation, or paid attaché, and of recognized good family, may command the very highest society; and the circumstance of his not having a shilling in the world, and being frightfully in debt, will not have the remotest effect in impeding his success. The man who has exceedingly agreeable manners, is remarkably good-looking, and so talented as not only to amuse in company, but to be politically useful, may command the best society, and the circumstance

of his being of roturier extraction, will not hinder his admission to any house in London. Again, the man who is known to be a millionaire, and who will lend money, may drive four-in-hand into any drawing-room that he pleases: the facts of his being grossier in the extreme, intolerably ill-dressed, and disagreeable in his manners, and bête and uneducated to the last degree, will not necessarily prevent his being endured, this single condition only being always borne in mind—that the quantity of money he must lend shall be in an inverse ratio to his powers of conversation; and the less agreeable his address, the more accommodating must be his pocket.

There are other indirect claims to admission among the exclusives, allowed rather in right of others than of the individuals themselves. Thus, a man who has a very young, pretty, and agreeable wife, holds his privilege of being tolerated in right of his wife, and this is a very insecure tenure,—because, in the event of his wife catching the small-pox, or growing old, one of which misfortunes is contingent, and the other inevitable, both of them lose their claim. Again, the illegitimate son or daughter, or parvenu nephew, of a rich banker or merchant in the city, may acquire a sort of conventional right of admission, on the ground of having been adopted as the heir of such father or uncle, and he holds through the title of the father's or

uncle's property. Again, the imbecile, half-idiot children of Russian princesses, or English peeresses, or of ministers, or ex-ministers, have all a prescriptive right to drawl away a few hours of their weak and insipid existences in the first salons of the metropolis. This is, of course, not on their own merits, but on account of their descent; and to this latter class it was that our new friend, Endymion Loto, belonged.

Thus we see, that if we anatomize society, we find it very mechanically constructed. If any one, with neither birth nor fortune, wishes to frequent the foremost circles of fashion, it is to be expected that he will at least be either useful or ornamental—and this with justice. As to the question, what society is really the best? it is another question, and one with which we have nothing at all to do.

Society is principally a matter of taste, and a man is best fitted to move in that circle which is most in harmony with his own habits, and his own manners; consequently, it is a question of *good taste* whether a man prefers high society to low society. We have often been displeased at hearing a man invidiously pointed out as proud, as sneaking up to great people, and a mean, interested courtier, whose only fault was what might be rather perhaps called his misfortune, if not his merit, of having good taste, and a fastidious love of refine-

ment. Again, we have been often amused at hearing a great deal of indignation expressed by good honest sort of people at invitations, which they have seemed to consider as being insults instead of honours. One man looks furious, and shakes his mane, because he suspects he is only asked to some house as a literary lion. Another looks *mæstoso*, and complains in a minor key, because he fancies he is invited to display his musical talents. A third thinks himself very sharp-witted, and immensely sagacious, as he keeps away from some other distinguished party, because he imagines that they only press him so much to come among them in order that they may win his money. Now, I would ask, is not all this very natural, and, as society is constituted, very right and proper? What other claim of admission to the highest society has the literary man, but his literature—the musical man, but his music—or the Dives, but his money? Let them ask themselves this—these are their tickets of admission. If they like better to keep their talents and their money to themselves than to bestow them in this way, they are welcome to do so. It is entirely a matter of taste, and common sense.

It is related of the late Captain Fairfield, who for many years before his death was known in London by his convivial habits, and not unfrequently by his

melodious voice, which woke the echoes of the cider cellars, or of Offley's, to some tune of revelry, that during the peninsular war, being at the time in the active service, he was much noticed by the Duke of Wellington, who invited him frequently to dinner. One evening, after the wine had circulated, the Commander in Chief called upon Fairfield for a song, which, being in a sulky mood, he refused to accord. Wellington again repeated his solicitation, when the Captain, starting on his legs, asked if he was invited into that society only for the sake of his singing—declared that he would be no man's tame canary-bird—and leaving hastily the company, went to his tent, wrote a resignation of his commission, and retired en canaille for the rest of his life, to sup upon toasted cheese and kidneys, and gin and water, amid the scenes of the lowest debauchery, and most vulgar slang in London.

I admire independence—but I adore common sense. A well-bred man might at any rate have been firm in declining to sing, without shocking the feelings of every man in the company, as well as his own, by putting the question, point-blanc, whether he was invited for the sake of his singing.

It was a mixed party at Lady Broadwell's, to which all three of the young men whom we left going to dinner at the Travellers' were invited.

"Oh! don't talk of children," said Miss Clementina Scraggs, who was the first person they encountered on entering; but the conversation passed aside, and in an under voice to her friend, "don't talk of Mrs. Blandford and her children, I beseech you; nasty, disagreeable, little things! I am sure I hope I shall never have any when I am married;" (observe, that all young ladies say, *when* I am married, as if it were a certainty; we never recollect to have heard one use the expression, "*if* I am married;") then continuing very sotto voce, indeed, as much as to say, *private and confidential*, "you know Mrs. Blandford was very intimate indeed with that handsome, dark-looking Pole, at Florence, Strummertowski I think he was called, and the last child is as like him as possible. Mr. Blandford has light hair, and yet she is always asking people if the infant 'is not sweetly like its papa, the very image of his father?'—and then she takes off its cap, and tells you it was born with all that black head of hair full grown—on the same plan, I suppose, that the children of Greenwich pensioners are so like their papas, that they very often come into the world with wooden legs."

"Really we are shocking, my dear Clementina," replied her neighbour; "how scandalous we are getting! it's really too bad—I am so afraid any one should overhear what we say."

"I don't care a bit if they do," rejoined the hardened Miss Clementina. "I must call Mr. George Grainger here, and send him to call at Mrs. Blandford's, to make the little boy go through his catechism: it is the best fun in the world. The little animal, at my last visit, answered all the questions wrong one after another, till poor Mrs. Blandford got quite in a red rage.—'How old are you, my dear?'—Answer. 'John James Amelius Blandford.'—Question. 'What is your name, my little love?'—Answer. 'Two years old;'—and so we went on at cross-purposes, till I thought it better to take the next eldest, and try him. Accordingly he brought me his grammar with great pomp, and I began:—'How many parts of speech are there, Georgie?'—'Ten.'—'Good boy! and what are their names?'—'A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes Y.'—In short the learned pig Toby would have passed a much more creditable examination. Mrs. Blandford, almost in despair, at last brought out with an air of exultation her eldest child of all, a pretty little girl enough, who was to be examined in nothing less than the church catechism. She answered rightly the two first questions—'What is your name?' and 'Who gave you that name?' but when I got to the third—'What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?' she answered most originally, and with

with great naïveté—‘They gave me a great big silver goblet, with a cover and stand and all; but ma’ always keeps it locked up in the plate chest upstairs, ’cause she says it’s too good to be used.’”

While Miss Clementina was thus amiably amusing herself and her friend with her description of her morning’s visit, her sister, Miss Barbara, was entertainingly enough placed between old Sir Tunbelly Tossplot and an octogenarian French Comte Somebody, who kept up the conversation, while both the old gentlemen occasionally appealed to her for her opinion. Grainger approached the back of her chair, and leaning over, whispered in her ear—

“Mais vous êtes comme Susanne ici, entre vos deux vieillards.”

“Ne parlez pas de la chasteté,” was the laconic but emphatic reply of Miss Barbara.

“Aussi belle que modeste, je voulais dire, mademoiselle,” retorted Grainger; and he thought of the Kilkenny cat and the Sybil’s cave, as he walked away to join the lady of the house, and a congregation of listeners round some one who was recounting her dreams in another part of the room.

As soon as the fair tale-teller had finished recounting her vision of the yesternight, Lady Broadwell herself, who still retained among the most remarkable and best preserved features of her some-

what *passé* beauty, the most regular and pearl-like teeth, to which perhaps her pardonable vanity wished to call the attention of her hearers, recited the following dream :

" Oh, my dear Lady Belmore, do you know last night I was sound asleep, and tout-à-coup I fancied I was changed into the most horribly ugly wretch of a woman in the world. All my features were completely altered. I dreamt I had a thick pair of black bushy whiskers curling round my upper lip, and when I put my finger to my mouth to see if my fancy did not deceive me, all my beautiful teeth were gone !"

" Good gracious !" exclaimed the whole circle of listeners.

" Are you sure it was your mouth ?" said George Grainger quietly, as he came up just *apropos* to the termination of the vision.

" Oh, Mr. Grainger !" said Lady Broadwell—
" Oh, Mr. Grainger !" said half a dozen voices at once—" you must tell us your dream—of last night, *par exemple*—what did you dream about last night ?"

" I fear my dreams are very dry in general," replied Grainger ; " and as such they cannot, I am sure, be interesting to so many ladies."

" Come, Mr. Grainger," said the rosy-faced, sparkling-eyed Bishop of Hornchester, " tell us your dream."

“ Since you wish it, my lord,” replied Grainger, “ I will certainly comply ; but I don’t know whether my dream will make all the company laugh. I certainly did dream the other night that I found myself locked up with a vast number of other people in a large, low, vaulted, and dark room, which was not exactly a prison, but had rather the air of the lock-up room under an assize court, where the criminals are kept during the progress of the trials, awaiting their turn to be sent up next into court. There was a dismal clanking of chains as the prisoners paced up and down ; and there were sentries posted at intervals among them, or rather a sort of constables to keep order. One bore a trumpet, and I supposed played upon it before the judges on their going to and returning from court ; the other had a drawn sword, and was, I suppose, one of the fuglemen ; he also carried one of those long peeled rods, on the end of which they hand notes about in Westminster Hall, and I saw him hand one up to the judge through the grating. Most of the crowd, however, were pressing and hustling round a stone staircase, which seemed to lead up into the court above, as if they were expecting some one to make his appearance who had gone up to be tried. Presently the door opened, the chains clanked, the crowd pressed closer—a venerable figure, in a bishop’s

full dress, with lawn sleeves, scarf, and cassock—I thought he resembled you, my lord—stood at the top of the stairs. As he descended slowly, with a solemn step, he raised his right hand to his wig, and lifting it high in the hair, waved it three times exultingly round his head, and called out to the people,—‘Hurrah, my boys! making love to the women goes for nothing!’”

The Bishop of Hornchester pretended to be angry, Lady Broadwell to blush, Mrs. Scraggs not to understand it; and amid all their horror Grainger drove home, and received an invitation to dine at the Bishop’s, to go to Lady Broadwell’s opera-box, and to Mrs. Scraggs’s concert—all the following day.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE GRAINGER was one of those happy men who are allowed by universal consent to be privileged persons, and are accordingly authorized to do pretty nearly whatever they like. One reason why such people enjoy so much licence unmolested is, that they are observant never to abuse it, and always take care not to take liberties, and to know exactly how far they may go. His amiable disposition, his elegant manners, the neatness of his attire, the readiness of his wit, afforded him a general letter of recommendation among whatever circle he was thrown, whether of men or women. He had been educated originally, as we have seen, with a view to following the bar as a profession: he had learnt, however, as he himself confessed, almost nothing of the law, although certain bailiffs in the vicinity of Chancery Lane asserted that he knew too much of it. This, however, did not in the least make any difference in the welcome universally accorded him.

To have been occasionally arrested would with any other man have been almost a ruinous offence in society; but with George Grainger it counted for nothing, because he was a privileged man.

He was remarkably apt with his pencil, and occasionally severely so; for he particularly excelled in caricature, and most of the likenesses that he hit off for his different friends were in burlesque—but nobody minded being caricatured by Grainger, because he was a privileged man. He gambled frequently, and sometimes to a very large amount in private play: this would not have been permitted to another man, who was known to be equally limited in his means with George Grainger—for he sometimes had more than his year's income on the hazard of a single throw; if he won, well and good—he pocketed the money; and if he lost, his friends only hoped that he would pay one day when he was richer—but then Grainger was a privileged man.

With his tradesmen even he obtained longer and deeper credit than any other man with similarly small resources, and he was never dunned; for it was a recommendation to a waistcoat or trowsers' pattern that he had worn it, because it was sure to look well upon him—and besides, he was a privileged man. He was invited, and welcome every-

where, and yet nobody ever expected him to take the trouble of calling, or of answering a note, or of accepting an invitation that was disagreeable to him—because he was known on all hands to be a privileged man.

Grainger in short had a sort of universal talent:—he sung well, and wrote pretty verses in the women's albums; he rode well, and had won two steeple-chases; he danced well, and knew the mazurka—when a cotillon was danced he always led it—and he was allowed all the world over to dance in boots—because nobody had such beautifully made boots as George Grainger, and besides he was a privileged man.

Nothing is a stronger proof of the general esteem and confidence enjoyed by Grainger, than the fact of his being written to, even by an old Tory peer like Lord Furstenroy, to desire him to see that every thing was properly prepared for his reception at his house in Piccadilly, on the ensuing Tuesday. Notwithstanding the fact of Lord Arthur Mullingham being an older friend of the family, and even a sort of blood connexion, and moreover a Tory,—a great recommendation to Lord Furstenroy, even for a trifling commission of this kind,—and, notwithstanding his being known to be on the spot in London, it was George Grainger who was requested

to be at the house to await their arrival on the evening of Tuesday, and who was entrusted with the supervision of all the necessary arrangements for their reception after their long stay en province. It is not by the way at all impossible that Lady Emily was at the bottom of her father's choice, and that it would by no means be an unpleasant thing to her, to find George Grainger's hand ready to assist her out of her carriage on first arriving in London.

The principal reason for Lord Furstenroy accelerating his return to town, for it was still very early in the season, and the house had scarcely opened its sittings, was the approaching election in the county bordering on his own, and in which also he had very considerable estates. He could ill brook the idea of this election being carried by the parvenu son of a button-maker, without an effort on the part of the Tories to stand a contest, and on the same ground too, which only a few years back they used to consider peculiarly their own. He had partially embroiled himself with the Carlton Club also on this question, (and in the Carlton Club were concentrated all his ideas of what was most dignified and most patriotic in the country,) by half engaging that his eldest son, Lord Fletcher, should come forward on the Conservative interest; depending too much, as

it appeared in the sequel, on the compliance of that young man's independent spirit.

Lord Fletcher's refusal arrived too late to start another candidate in the field, and the consequence was, a feeling of exasperation on the part of Lord Furstenroy towards his son which promised not lightly to be extinguished. He was more particularly enraged at one passage in Lord Fletcher's letter, in which, fearing to dwell too much upon his radical politics, he alleged his present devotion to the study of music as a reason for not wishing to engage in the active war of politics. His expressions ran as follows :

“ You will perhaps, my dear father, think with Lord Chesterfield, that the pursuit I am engaged in is unmanly, even as a recreation, and unworthy of a gentleman's serious attention. I am sorry I cannot agree with you; and though I am not quite so bad as Nero, who played the fiddle while Rome was on fire, I must say I infinitely prefer that amusement to mixing myself up in the political conflagration which at present seems raging in England. I am not inclined myself to look so lightly on the musical science as is the fashion to do. I am convinced that to rise to eminence as a performer requires not only great physical qualifications, but

also a commanding force of intellect; and I look upon the leader of an orchestra as holding the second place only to the general of an army. It is easy for talents of an ordinary stamp to attain to a moderate degree of proficiency; but to become a concerto player or a leader of a band requires a really master mind. I can compare the quickness and precision with which a first violin marks the time, and manages to keep together the trebles, the trombones, the double basses, and the flageolets, to nothing but the acuteness of a commander-in-chief, in keeping his eye at once on the operations of the cavalry, the squares of infantry, and the discharges of artillery; and a Mori, allowing for the difference of their original position and professional pursuits, appears to me as great a man in his way as a Wellington."

"Abominable trifling!—disgraceful nonsense—disagreeable to the family—leave the country immediately"—muttered Lord Furstenroy indignantly to himself, as he read and re-read the above extraordinary sentiment.—"Head gone—brain turned—quite lost—always weak as a child—poor Fletcher!—not like his younger brother—Dick would not have done so—have him home—put him under the care of the doctors"—was the next view of the subject taken by the irritated governor; and his

third impulse was, to order the carriage to be prepared, and his trunks to be packed up, that he might be spared the mortification of remaining in the country almost within ear-shot of the triumphant shouts of his radical opponent's voters.

No name in the county of Northamptonshire was more widely or more justly respected than the old title of Furstenroy. The rooks in the avenue had built their nests in undisturbed possession under the same proprietors for more than three hundred years; but now, as the old earl remarked that sundry of the most ancient elms in that very avenue began to totter to their fall, and observed in the park many an old oak had ceased to sprout out as the spring returned, and many a thorn—those most distinguishing features of a park's antiquity—had been marked by the woodman, as only fit to be cut down for firewood, he sighed as he said to himself,

"Those trees are emblematic of the fate, not of my house alone, but of my order. As the grandeur of my family rose, they sprung—as my ancestors were in their glory, they also flourished—and to-day, when I am about to depart, and these estates must pass into the possession of an unworthy successor, and the whole land is convulsed with threatened overthrow—they fade, and rot, and die."

It was one of the early days of February, and

the setting sun about five o'clock threw his slanting beams athwart the long and solemn avenue, and the long shadows of the old elms checquered the path on which Lord Furstenroy paced up and down moodily, accompanied by his two daughters. On the left was a fallow field by the side of a copse, and beneath the holly-hedge they could plainly distinguish whole troops of stately pheasants feeding, and strutting proudly about with their dames, for, though the end of the season, they had been but little molested; and many a solitary hare, as the party advanced in their walk, was seen escaping from the furze which bordered the avenue, and scudding up the long furrows homeward to some distant field. To the right extended the portion of the park apportioned to the deer, who were permitted to range up to the very windows of the house, and many of them had learnt to feed out of the hand. They snuffed the air, at the sight of the promenaders, tossed up their heads, and bounded away on the wings of the wind. Behind them stood the old house itself, built in the best manorial style of the Tudors, and dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and as they met an occasional peasant returning home from his work with his pipe in his mouth, or a school-girl who had been educated under the special patronage and protection of the

Ladies Bazancourt, or a young 'prentice even from the neighbouring village, who was suspected of doing a bit of poaching occasionally on his lordship's estates, and a little love-making in his lordship's kitchen,—there were civil words, and kind inquiries for all and each of them; and even the manner in which the hat was taken from the head, indicated the kind of respect which was universally felt for the good old earl and his family.

"I regret much," said Lord Furstenroy, breaking at length the silence,—“having to leave this beautiful and quiet spot, just as the loveliness of spring approaches, in order to go up to London, and mingle in the political intrigues which nobody hates more cordially than myself.—Hard fate—unhappy responsibility!—called upon by my sense of duty—must do it—country in a deplorable state without it—conscientious motives—conservative measures”—and so his sentence died away, as most that he uttered habitually did, into broken and disjointed fragments.

The Ladies Emily and Fanny Bazancourt did not, however, experience the same reluctance which was evinced by their worthy papa, at the prospect of exchanging the solitude of Newnham for the gaiety of the London season, and the rough fur

cloaks, in which they were then enveloped, for one of Maradan Carson's dresses.

Lady Emily thought it probable that her future husband, the Comte de Carbonnelle, would soon be in England; and at all events, there would be George Grainger to flirt with, pour passer le temps;—and Lady Frances pictured gladly to herself the fun she should have at some of the Princess Loto's parties, and in hearing all Lady Broadwell's new stories, a mode of spending her time which she liked much better than hay-making, or scolding the village-boys for spinning cockchafers.

CHAPTER XX.

It has been pretended that there are only two classes of people in the world—knaves and fools—the sharpers and the dupes. Dr. Darwin says, that “the great law of nature is, to eat or to be eaten,” and certainly to those who go to look at a drop of water through the solar microscope, or lounge through Tattersall’s on settling day, or walk over the Royal Exchange after a contract for a new loan, there will seem very great plausibility in the assertion. In this case it is as well to make up one’s mind whether to be devoured ourselves, or to become the cannibals of others—perhaps a good man might prefer suffering with the dupe, and a wise man would choose practising with the sharper.

Our friend, George Grainger, although certainly we must not call him a “sharp,” would still less be ranked among the “flats;” and he at any rate showed himself to be no fool in resolving, on the strength of the encouragement he had received, to

play a bold game for the smiles of Lady Emily. He had not forgotten a hint once given him by Lord Arthur Mullingham, in their conversation in the hôtel at Fondi, of an imagined preference, of which he thought he had seen indications, on the part of Lady Emily towards him. He recollected their last interview, in which his vanity had been rather piqued by the marked readiness with which she had received the attentions of the Comte de Carbonelle. And then the letter, on the present occasion, from the old earl himself, selecting him as the person who was best fitted to be entrusted with all the necessary orders for the return of himself and daughters to London, appeared symptomatic of a leaning in his favour, even on the part of that very important ally in his projected schemes—the paternal authority. Grainger, accordingly, with due prudence, took all possible pains to omit nothing in making his preparations for the arrival of the party. He himself spoke with the housekeeper about the opening of windows, the sweeping of rooms, and the airing of beds. He undertook, as his own special department, the ordering of the dinners—a task for which he was peculiarly fitted—and had the oysters just opened, and the soup just ready, and the champagne already plunged in ice, at the moment of the arrival of the carriage.

As soon as the first greetings were over, and the ladies had made their toilet, and returned into the drawing-room, Grainger had time and opportunity to reconnoitre, and observe what changes, if any, had taken place since the period of their last meeting at Paris. The circumstance of her having been disappointed in her marriage engagement, an event which, by the chagrin it causes, and by the ill effect it produces on the health, makes often the most fearful ravages in beauty within an incredibly short space of time, had by no means caused so disastrous an effect upon the attractive features of Lady Emily. If altered at all, she was decidedly embellie, and improved. Her air had become more womanly—her gait more decided—her proportions more round—her movements more graceful and flowing: yet still there was a difference—and it was this—for Grainger had afterwards far better opportunities of remarking it in large societies, and in mixed company, than in the small circle assembled round their own fire-side—she had become more of a coquette than formerly; she appeared even to be in some danger of degenerating into the mere heartless flirt. There was a reckless wild wandering in the expression of her eye, which ought not to have been there—and a universal challenging of something more than admiration, which in a young girl is seldom to be seen, and which

seems indicative of a sort of *cela ni est égal* feeling au fond. Yet who shall dare to blame Lady Emily, if she now appeared full of levity to all, yet personally indifferent to the addresses of each—if there was a general smile upon her lip, to which her heart did not respond, and a fire in her eye, while her feelings and affections beneath the surface remained cold as the winter's ice? Who shall dare to cast the first stone? If she believed no longer in men, it was because a man had deceived her. If she trifled with their feelings, and coquetted with their hearts, it was because she had been taught to believe by her own individual experience that men had neither hearts nor feelings. *Once* she had loved—and she had poured forth the whole hoarded treasures of her affection on the altar of her earliest idol. Lord Clanelly had been to her all that love's fondest dream pictures to the fancy of his most visionary worshippers. She had felt the barbarity of his desertion exactly in proportion as she had herself infused the reserve of delicacy, and the most considerate regard, into the violence of her own passion. Had she listened to Lord Clanelly's pressing solicitations for an immediate marriage at the first, the ceremony would long ago have been solemnized, and her hand given and accepted, before the period arrived at which he had so basely renounced her.

She now thanked God that she had not been his—that, by her delay of a few months, she had given herself time to see the légèreté, and unworthiness of his character—that she had saved herself from a worse desertion than the present, an abandonment after the celebration of the once-desired nuptials—or, more dreadful still, a persecution such as that to which his present unfortunate wife was hourly exposed. Yes! Lady Emily had once really loved Clanelly—really, and deeply, and passionately loved him. If at any future occasion we should find her married to a man she does not love—if we should see her, under the pressure of strongly conducive circumstances, submitting her destinies to the control of one who is not the master of her affections—ought we to be extreme to mark what is done amiss? Can a woman love twice? Is her heart any longer her own to bestow, when once it has been thrown away? Alas! that love should be one thing, and matrimony another! Alas! that these occurrences are so common in the world that they excite no remark, and can scarcely claim the tribute of a sigh for the sufferers!

Often Lady Frances would expostulate with her sister on the extent to which she suffered her daily flirtations with George Grainger to reach; but Lady Emily knew that her sister was herself

partial to Grainger, and attributed her interference to a secret feeling of jealousy. She was aware, also, of Lord Clanelly's being in London ; and, if only for the sake of piquing him, if possible, she always took care to have her box at the opera crowded with young men, among whom, Grainger took ever the most prominent place. She had recently seen again her brother Richard during his Christmas holidays, and never forgetful of the great injury she had received, she had made him repeat to her again, the vow of revenge which he had formerly made at Paris : and she could depend upon her brother Richard, for his character was one of no ordinary mark or likelihood.

As soon as Lord Furstenroy had finished his reconciliation with the Carlton club, paid up his subscription, taken his seat in the House of Lords, and given his proxy, in case of absence, to the Duke of Wellington, he sent for his old counsellor, Mr. Snuffles, of Lincoln's Inn, into his library, and determined to consult with him upon some plan by which he might be prevented being exposed to, what he should consider, the irreparable insult of being met in the same room, or passed on the same side of the street, by Lord Clanelly. With much snorting and puffing, Mr. Snuffles resorted at the hour appointed to the rendezvous, and Lord Furstenroy

opened the case, with which he wished to charge him, as follows :

“ Mr. Snuffles, my good sir, you will remember probably the circumstances attending the marriage, which was formerly contemplated between my eldest daughter and the Earl of Clanelly, and the conduct of Lord Clanelly in respect of that engagement, dishonourable behaviour—unprincipled young man—disrespect of my family :—confidence in your professional experience—knowledge of the world—valuable advice—influential opinion.”

“ I perfectly recollect, my lord,” replied Mr. Snuffles, who had, as usual, put his legs much too far into his trowsers, and wore, attached to the latter, a pair of exceedingly long black leather straps, together with shoes and worsted stockings, without gaiters; “ I perfectly recollect, my lord, the conduct of Lord Clanelly on the occasion of my trip to Paris last winter. It was most flagitiously atrocious, and most abandonedly profligate; that is a point which is most incontestably indisputable, and most incontrovertibly undeniable; so far, at least, as it appears to me. If your lordship pleases, however, I can take counsel’s opinion upon that point.”

“ I am perfectly satisfied with your opinion, Mr. Snuffles,—excellent advice—large practice—better branch of the profession than the bar—want you to

have an interview for me with Lord Clanelly—no dependance on his character—light as a butterfly—shallow boy—abominable dereliction !”

“He has, indeed, done himself an injury in the eyes of the world,” proceeded Mr. Snuffles, “which is irremediably irreparable, and irredeemably incurable. Your lordship has only to communicate to me your wishes, and they shall be considered most religiously confidential, and most uncommunicably private.”

“You are an excellent counsellor, Mr. Snuffles—sound lawyer—long experience—courts of Westminster—criminal, equity, and nisi prius—but this is a private communication of a peculiar nature. My eldest boy at Paris,—rather weak too, I fear, in his upper story—between ourselves—go no further—sorry to say it—Jacobins and fiddling—then Richard, my second boy—too young to fight—still at school—fight by and bye—I am too old ; or I’d have him out in this room as soon as look at him—nefarious insolence—inconceivable treachery. Well, Mr. Snuffles, I want you to give him a message from me, merely to request him, on all occasions, to take as much pains to avoid meeting me, as I shall to avoid meeting him, so long as we both stay in London ; because, such meeting would be sure to be very unpleasant to both of us—cross the street—leave

the room—decline invitations—absent from parliament—avert my head—avoid him every where—do you understand me, Mr. Snuffles?”

“My lord, such meeting must be sooner or later indispensably unavoidable, and necessarily inevitable; my efforts, however, shall be unremittingly diligent, and unceasingly active to prevent it. I will see Lord Clanelly this very day, and cannot doubt but that his views will be similarly parallel, and correspondingly concurrent. I have the honour, my lord, to wish you good morning:” and so saying, Mr. Snuffles went to execute his commission,—and returned afterwards to inform Lord Furstenroy, much to the relief of himself and his daughter, Lady Emily, that he had seen Lord Clanelly himself in person, that he had informed him of the fact, with which he had not been previously acquainted, of Lord Furstenroy and his family’s arrival in London; that Lord Clanelly had assured him he went out very little, and scarcely at all into society, on account of the ill health of his lady; that he was shortly about to return to the continent, and, in the meantime, would do every thing that delicacy might dictate to spare the feelings of Lord Furstenroy and his daughter, and to avoid being thrown unnecessarily in their path.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ways of Providence are inscrutable. It was not written in the book of destiny that Jeannette Isabelle was yet to die. Notwithstanding her aim at self-destruction, (and since the attempt which had proved so nearly fatal, she had many times repeated her endeavours in various modes; but the strictness of the watch kept upon her, had successfully endeavoured to prevent her succeeding in the rashness of her wish,) notwithstanding also the obstinacy with which she had refused the nourishment afforded her, taking only so little as was actually forced upon her, and seemed barely sufficient to keep soul and body together—notwithstanding all this, her general health had gradually continued to improve. At the intervals between the visits of her husband, her spirits even had appeared lighter and less gloomy than they had for a long time invariably been. All she wanted in life was something to love and live for. Hers was a heart which felt more strongly than others the neces-

sity of this. There was in her nature such a fund and capacity for loving—such an aching void—such a dreary waste—such a fond desire—such a sense of something to be one day found, such a longing for an appui to lean upon, of which now she began to feel an assurance and a consciousness that she should yet one day become possessed. No one had ever yet loved her in the sense in which she understood love. No one had ever inspired her with the fulness of trust, of admiration, of tenderness, of which she felt herself susceptible. The feeling she had entertained in the beginning for Clanelly had been something distantly related to this—but it was not in its intensity—and, above all, it was not responded to by him; and love, beyond all others, is a game which cannot long be played single-handed. Had his treatment of her been other than what it was, it is probable that her affection for him might have warmed and widened into all that her nature was capable of pouring out upon its idol; but the instant she became aware of his character, her fondness, like the sensitive plant, had felt its delicacy wounded, and the fineness of its texture invaded by too rough a touch, and it had withered up and contracted within itself, shrinking and receding with instinctive antipathy from the coarse approaches made to it, till now at last nothing remained but

positive disgust, and general distrust, and an all-pervading feeling of despair.

For a long time, as has been seen, this gloom and despondence hung like a cloud over the soul of Lady Clanelly. Her hopes were broken—her heart was sick. The wand of the enchanter had been snapt in twain—love had vanished from the scene—and the world was barren, and existence itself unlovely. While in this mood the tomb had seemed to her like a shelter, like a haven from the fluctuating storms of life, on which she felt herself tossed about without rudder or compass, without the power of directing her own actions, or controlling her own fate. She had sighed for rest, for repose from agitation; for a retreat from the lacerations of the heart—and if death were to her an eternal sleep, she only longed the more for a pillow of the green grass turf, to lay her head thereon, and slumber tranquilly.

Recently, however, it had been observed by the domestic who chiefly attended her, as well as by her medical adviser, a change had come over Lady Clanelly's mind. The prospect, without any apparent reason, seemed to have brightened before her; she was resigned and almost occasionally cheerful. Sometimes a strange hysterical sort of attack would come over her, she would laugh wildly, and then weep, and then throwing herself on the bed would

cover her face with her hands, as if lost in meditation. Suddenly starting up she would say, half aloud, half to herself, "What a childish fool I am! what an exposure I have been making of myself! but this confinement is too much for me; I am overcome by it; I hardly know what I do or say." Nevertheless, she certainly appeared to be better reconciled to life; her spirits were incontestably better, her appetite stronger, her pulse less nervous, and her manner even comparatively buoyant, and full of animation and hope. What could be the reason of this? The fact was, that there had sprung up within Jeannette Isabelle, of late, a new source of confidence, a new object to which to attach her hopes and her visions for the future. She did not now live only and exclusively for herself; she had, as if by a miracle, become enceinte. Loathsome and odious to her as had been the visits of her lord, this consoling and compensating result had at all events emanated from them; and building on it, as she did, airy castles for the future, and making it the secret source to herself of far greater trust and confidence in the brightness of her own destinies, than she had yet enjoyed, she still most anxiously and carefully concealed the fact from the knowledge of her lord; and fearing a still greater severity of confinement, and unremittingly bent upon her projects of escape,

she trusted, that by some means or other, her friend would come to her deliverance before the secret of her situation should become divulged. Surrounded, however, as she constantly was by medical attendance and officious menials, she could not long hope to preserve from her husband the knowledge of the truth, and she gazed more anxiously than ever from the window to see, like sister Irene, whether there was any body coming.

If Jeannette Isabelle should be blamed by some persons for her resolution to fly ; if they may think, that independently of the injustice to her lord, she was doing an injury to the child itself which should be born, by thus concealing from it its birth, affixing to it, perhaps, the unmerited stigma of illegitimacy, and depriving it of the privilege of inheriting those estates, to which it might be born the lawful and proper heir ; if this may appear just reasoning to some, let us beg of them to suspend their judgment ; it is in the first place, by no means evident, that such will be the course adopted by her ; in the next place, in the sudden resolutions, in the trepidation, in the excitement, in the nervousness of a woman's mind, we must ever see more room for allowances to be made, for excuses to be granted, for indulgence, and for an extension of kindness, than for the harsh and dry survey which reason might dictate of her principles of action. Women do

not act from reason, or from principle, they are the creatures of caprice and of impulse. The greater the solidity and reasonableness of character, so much more, perhaps, there will be of the heroine: but so much the less of the woman. We question even if the heroic actions of women have often sprung from more than impulse; there may be a Clælia, or a Lucretia, but where are the Brutus and Cassius of the sex? where is the train of systematic action resulting from philosophical deliberation? at any rate, such women would not be those that we should seek for wives; we should never fall in love with Cato himself in petticoats.

One afternoon Lord Clanelly had invaded, as usual, the apartment of his wife, of which he never permitted her the means of securing the door on the interior, yet ever preserved to himself the power and instrument of admittance from without, and having motioned the domestic to withdraw, they were left alone. Clanelly offered to take his wife's hand in his own, and lead her to the lattice; but she declined his proffered assistance, and remained seated tranquilly, as usual, at the table.

"Jeannette," said he, "I am happy to hear from Dr. Macbolus, that your health, and even your spirits, are improving. I hope before long that we shall become once more so united, that we shall go

out again together. I long to present you to my friends. At the court of St. James's, where you are entitled to bear away the bell, you have not even yet been introduced; and yet the tribute of admiration to you there will not be less than formerly at the Tuilleries, or at your own little court at Naples."

"I care not for admiration, Clanelly; and I can easily conceive that your vanity in leading me into the society of your acquaintance, would be much more flattered than mine. To me, love is sweeter than admiration; and as I never should desire to dress, to display accomplishments, or to unveil my beauty for the ears or eyes of any other than the man I loved, not having found that man, society to me has lost its charm, company is without attractions, or a motive to exert myself to please; the world is to me a desert, and I will go no where."

"Jeannette! my dearest wife," said Clanelly, "do you doubt then that I still love and adore you? will you not believe me, when I assure you that I never felt more warmly, more fondly, more devotedly yours, than at this present moment; will you refuse me, when I assure you that my heart beats exclusively for you, that to me all the world besides are nothing, and my whole thoughts, wishes, hopes, are concentrated in this little room?"

"Clanelly," said our heroine, rising with dignity,

and motioning him sternly to depart, "Clanelly, leave me!—I would be alone. Is it not enough that you should first have espoused me at the sacrifice of your own honour pledged to another, and so linked me with a name which you had already disgraced and stained? Is it not enough that you should have kept near me, even in Naples, and nearly before my eyes, the partner of your brutal pleasures, whom you had already rendered notorious as yours, by appearing with her in your own carriages in the public streets of London? Is it not enough to have done all this, that you now must come and add insult and mockery to your other offences, and make me ridiculous in my own eyes, by showing me what a fool, and gull, and dupe, you take me for; by assuring me with such effrontery that you love me, and that you love nobody else but me,—leave me, instantly, I desire it."

Clanelly left the room; he knew not why, he obeyed mechanically, there was something so commanding in her attitude and in her voice. He had been startled too, and taken by surprise; he had no idea that she was acquainted with the fact of his previous engagement with Lady Emily Bazancourt, or of his having had a mistress with him in Italy; he thought he had watched her too closely for this. He was not privy to the conversation overheard in the hôtel at Fondi.

That very afternoon, and luckily just after her husband had left her, and before the return of the maid, the ear of Lady Clanelly was suddenly arrested by the sound of a harp in the street below,—she was struck, for it was accompanied by a voice which she seemed to know. Presently the air changed, and the well-known notes of “Sans Espérance,” the old tune in L’Éclair, floated upward to her window ; she started up, and ran to the window ; she saw nothing but an Italian musician, with a harp, and attended by a large dog ; the instant, however, she appeared at her window, the tune was again changed, and she listened with astonishment and delight to the old ballad of Panseron,—

“Vous demandez pourquoi je pleure,
Et vous savez qu’il est parti.”

the song which used to be sung to her by Pisatelli at Naples ; she had no sooner time to divert her attention for a moment from the music, than she perceived that the dog was Carlo, the man then must be Pisatelli, and some how or other, by some connection between the two, to a knowledge of which she had not yet arrived, perhaps their marriage, the Princess de Collini must have sent him there for her deliverance. She looked down earnestly and entreatingly, as if to supplicate him to make the

first move, for she dared not speak, nor even call out the name of Carlo to satisfy herself of his identity ; she was not, however, kept long in suspense : watching his opportunity when there were few passengers passing in the street, Pisatelli drew from his finger a small gold ring, which he threw up adroitly to the window. Lady Clanelly was fortunate enough to catch it on the first trial, and found engraved on the inside of its circle, where the words could ill be seen, " To-night—at ten—be ready ;" she threw out a piece of money to the musician, as in token of having received and read his communication, and the harp ceased, the musician disappeared, and all was quiet before the domestic re-entered the apartment.

CHAPTER XXII.

"WELL, Mrs. Blandford, how are all your pretty little children to-day?" asked George Grainger of an exceedingly interesting-looking woman who was sitting alone, and turning over a volume of prints at a party at Lord Landraven's.

"Oh! they are all delightfully well, thank you; why don't you come and see them?"

This was exactly the answer which Grainger wanted and expected;—nothing he would like better than to pay her a visit the very next day. This is the only point which reconciles one to the circumstance of a pretty woman having a quiver-full of children,—the children are always an excuse for visiting the mother; at the expense of an ivory humming-top, or a box of dominoes at each call, one may knock at the door every day for a fortnight; and Mrs. — remarks to her husband, "it is so kind of So-and-so to take such an interest in little Willie."

"Any news abroad to-day, sir?" said a regular old Mar-plot, coming up and interrupting the tête-à-tête; "any more reports of a dissolution? do you hear that ministers mean to resign if they lose their majority on the third reading of the bill?—any new railroads projected to-day?—if you want some shares cheap in the Midland Counties' speculation, I can put you up to a grand secret, and a good thing I promise you; I've only let my friends Wellington, and Rosslyn, and Newcastle, and a few more particulars into the secret at present."

Grainger did not at first even look at the stranger, or take the least notice of him, affecting to believe that he was not addressing his remarks to him; but at last, wearied out by the pertinacity of the man, he looked up, and recognized our friend Toe Barlow, of the party on the Bay of Naples. Determined to have his revenge, even at the expense of inflicting perhaps more gêne than amusement on the pretty little Mrs. Blandford, he immediately presented to her his persecutor, (who did not in the least recognize him, and flattered himself he was making a new acquaintance,) introducing him under the name of "Mr. Toe Barlow;" and leaving him to his consternation and chagrin, he walked away.

"Well, Grainger, have you heard of the duels?" said the next man that he met; "all four went over to Calais, and they fought on the beach."

"I am quite in the dark," said Grainger.

"Well, I must tell you all about it," replied the other, absolutely delighted at the importance he was acquiring in having a piece of information to convey to a man like Grainger, who was supposed to know everything intuitively before any body else; "well, you know, of course, the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, and that she has a son in the army."

"I was not acquainted with the latter fact," replied Grainger, quietly.

"Well, there is a son, and a d—d nice fellow he is, I can assure you; we have often got drunk together in barracks at Cork, I can give you my oath of that."

"No occasion whatever, my dear sir, I don't doubt you," replied Grainger; "pray go on."

"Well, there was a young Irish fellow, a man of very good property indeed,—an illegitimate son of Lord Waterton, who christened him O'Higgins *Fitz-Waterton*, after his own name, and allows him a thousand a-year during his own life-time, and means to leave him all his property at his death; he will have at least six thousand a-year then to do what he likes with, I can give you my oath of that."

"How do you know all this?" inquired Grainger.

"Because I heard it from my tailor, who makes for *Fitz-Waterton*, and knows his property."

"Very good; but to proceed."

"Well, you must know that Fitz-Waterton had been engaged to one of Scraggs's sisters—I don't know which—but they are all d—d pretty girls, I can give you my oath of that."

"Indeed," said Grainger.

"Yes:—and Fitz-Waterton thought that the mother had tried to hook him in, and so he declared off;—upon which young Scraggs called him out: they went over to Calais, and at the first shot Scraggs wounded Fitz-Waterton in the left hand, which terminated the affair."

"But you mentioned two duels," said Grainger.

"Oh! the other was after the first, and at the same place; it was only between that fool Prince Endymion Loto, who made his second hold a lavender-water bottle for him on the ground, and this same man Fitz-Waterton, who is always fighting, and has got into about a hundred quarrels since I have known him—he is such a d—d fine fellow. Well, he had heard that Loto had made some free remarks about his first fracas with Scraggs, so next time that he met him he said, on purpose to bully him, 'Why, what a curious name yours is, *Endymion*;—I never heard such an odd name,—why, it begins with the end:—on which Endymion, with a quickness I should not have expected in him, re-

plied, in allusion to the illegitimate *Fitz* prefixed to the other's surname, 'I think, sir, it would be as well if your name began with the end too.' Well, sir, they fought at Calais, and Fitz-Waterton shot Prince Loto through the body: whether he will die or not they don't know, but hopes are entertained that he will. The accounts are just arrived; the prince has sent over for his dressing-case and some pastiles, and his poor political mother is in despair between the prospect of his death and the sure majority for the Whigs to-morrow night."

"I hope they loaded the pistols with scented gunpowder," said Grainger, as he turned on his heel; for having extracted all the information required from his acquaintance, he did not care to be seen standing with him any longer in the centre of the room; and just at this moment, turning round, he saw the prospect of a more interesting engagement in the entrance of Lord Furstenroy and his two daughters. In a moment he was at the side of Lady Emily, who received him with her most gracious, but at the same time her most coquettish smile; they listened together to the voluptuous strains of the Italian music, as all the first performers of the Opera house combined their efforts to amuse and delight the audience. After the concert succeeded a ball; and as Grainger whirled in the waltz with his beautiful partner, and

afterwards sat out with her apart during a quadrille, and later still accompanied her to the supper-table and supplied her with ices and champagne, he certainly felt an *énivrement* and a pleasure in her society which he had never felt in the presence of any woman before,—he began to fancy himself really in love,—commencing in calculation and from design, he had insensibly advanced in his feelings towards Lady Emily, till overcome by his own passion, and bewitched by her coquetteries, he had but barely presence of mind to prevent his ruining all by making to her that evening a premature avowal of his attachment.

The house of Lord Landraven—who was, in truth, a sort of *Mecænas* or *Lucullus* in his way, and who had ornamented and beautified his mansion with all that taste could suggest or art execute of elegant or rich—was situated out of London, and at the distance of about seven or eight miles from the outskirts of the great city. Lord Furstenroy and his daughters had been promised, together with several of the most distinguished visitors, the accommodation of beds in the house, and were to return to town the following morning. George Grainger, being a privileged man, was invited to the same favour, which he thankfully accepted. On retiring, however, to bed after the party was broken up, he unheedingly en-

tered the chamber on the side of his own, thinking it was the room which had been already indicated to him, and naturally enough deceived by the similarity of the doors, and the equal dimensions and corresponding furniture of the apartment. Without paying any particular regard to the room, therefore, and fully occupied with one subject—the thought of Lady Emily—he hastily flung off his dress, which he hung up in the armoire, and drawing the curtains closely round him, was presently ensconced in bed, and had extinguished the light.

He was not yet asleep, and probably, in his frame of mind, it would have been long ere slumber came to him, when to his utter confusion and inexpressible surprise, the door of the room opened, and Lady Emily entered. At first, the thought of having mistaken the room did not occur to him, and he was petrified and aghast at what he saw; but as he remained motionless in the bed, trembling as he breathed even, for fear he should be discovered, he recollected that he very possibly might have taken Lady Emily's room by mistake, and this did not at all relieve him of his difficulty. She had in fact, since the close of the party, been sitting with Lady Frances in her room, as is young ladies' wont and will to do before retiring to rest, talking over the events of the night, and especially dwelling on the exceed-

ing agreeableness and earnest attentions of George Grainger.

Having chatted out her chat, Lady Emily had ascended to her own room, and by this delay had unfortunately given Grainger time to complete his night-toilet, and get snugly into bed, for George always said very short prayers. He now lay perfectly still, determined at any rate to make his observations at first before he should resolve how to act.

The first thing Lady Emily did was to approach a pier-glass at the end of the room, and survey herself from top to toe; she then took the other glass to the pier-glass, and admired the back part of her dress and coiffure, as she had previously done the front. She then changed the mode of wearing the hair, arranged some pins differently in her dress, let down her ringlets and fastened them up again, and played so many evolutions before the mirror, that the patience of poor George Grainger began to be fairly exhausted. He was compensated, however, for this, by seeing her draw from her bosom a flower he had given her in the course of the evening at the supper-table; and he fancied, before she placed it in water, that she pressed it to her lips: at any rate, a deep and audible sigh escaped her, twice repeated, and Grainger could scarcely restrain an exclamation

of delight at this unequivocal testimony that he was not to her entirely an object of indifference.

The work of destruction, when once begun, progresses rapidly. Lady Emily having now finally arranged her hair for the night, placed her gown carefully upon the back of a chair, and commenced the somewhat arduous task of unlacing her stays. We have seen the charming Mrs. Yates, in Victorine, go as far as this upon the stage;—further, however, even on paper, we dare not go: suffice it to say, that Grainger if amorous before, could now with difficulty contain himself. Nothing was artificial about Lady Emily: how few women there are who would increase the passion of their lovers by being seen at their toilet!—but, as one by one the garments of Lady Emily were withdrawn, as his gaze fell upon the beautiful tournure of her neck, and throat, and arms, and saw the soft silken stocking gently stripped from the swelling, and white, and exquisitely moulded leg, Grainger became almost mad:—he dared not risk letting her proceed further—should she extinguish the light, and seek the very bed in which he was hidden, what might be the consequence!—and yet how could he resist the temptation?—and above all, how was he to reveal himself?

Nature and chance, which is often our best friend, came to extricate him from his dilemma. A

roughness in his throat caused him to cough involuntarily. Lady Emily shrieked with terror. She was now in her dressing-gown ; she seized the bougie, and rapidly flew to the door—she descended the stairs—she called for assistance—she rang her sister's bell :—in short, she roused the house. Presently a whole posse comitatûs of maids entered the room, explained to Grainger the mistake of which he had unconsciously been guilty, carried off all the jewels, clothes, and ornaments of Lady Emily, and deposited them in the next room, originally intended for Grainger, where she was now destined to pass the rest of the night.

Not more terrific, nor more loud,
The clamour of the Bromian crowd,
When Pentheus, as old tales recount,
Lay hid on gray Cithæron's mount,
And sought—rash mortal—to discover
What ladies do when half seas over.

The next morning, when Grainger rose and rung for his servant, he was informed that the party of Lord Furstenroy had already started for London at an early hour. One thing he remarked, which was, that the rose-bud which he had given Lady Emily, and which he had seen her press to her lips, had been removed from the glass where she had placed it, and was gone: a sprig of myrtle was there

in its place.—Who had done this? He had not been aware of any one entering his room in the morning, and yet it could not have been done in the bustle and hurry of last night.—He was puzzled, and at a loss.

On driving to London the following day, he discovered that Lord Furstenroy and the Ladies Bazancourt were already on their road to Paris; and on meeting Mr. Snuffles, that professional gentleman gave him some very ominous innuendos about their destination, and a letter from the Comte de Carbonnelle, “circumstances,” which he himself pronounced to be “most darkly mysterious, and most incomprehensibly unintelligible;” but recommended Grainger to be “tranquilly quiet, and calmly composed upon the subject.”

One thing Grainger discovered from his interview with Snuffles, that Lord Furstenroy’s departure had been accelerated by the untoward circumstance of his having met Clanelly the preceding evening at Lord Landraven’s concert, an event, to a recurrence of which he did not wish to expose himself. He accordingly had ordered his trunks, which had not entirely been unpacked, to be replaced on the carriages, and posted away to Paris, with a view, among other things, to give Lord Fletcher a good lecturing.

Only one circumstance remains for us to throw a little light upon, before we close this our first volume: we mean the fact of Lord Clanelly having been present at Lord Landraven's party, after the delicate warning, and, indeed, intreaty to the contrary, sent him by the Earl of Furstenroy. Convinced that he might safely go thither, without risking a rencontre; first, from the distance of the house from London; and secondly, from the opposite politics of the two parties—for Lord Landraven was as violent a Whig as Lord Furstenroy was a Tory; and forgetting the fact of their near relationship—stimulated also by the necessity of some distraction to relieve his mind after the unpleasant interview of the morning with his wife, Lord Clanelly had imprudently transgressed the rule he had laid down for himself, of not appearing in society, and had arrived late in the evening at Landraven House. One of the first objects he saw, on entering the outer salon, was the broad, bald forehead of Lord Furstenroy opposite to him, engaged deeply at a rubber of whist: he flattered himself he had not been observed, and immediately retreated down stairs to his carriage; but the quick eye of the old Tory peer had seen him appear and vanish again, and he hated him more than ever for the audacity of the attempt, after the message he had only the

day before conveyed to him through the channel of his lawyer.

Lord Clanelly, in a worse humour than ever, ordered his coachman to drive quickly home; he reached St. James's Square about one o'clock. He found all his servants up and about: the house was in confusion—*Jeannette Isabelle had escaped.*

END OF VOL. I.

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